

Cricket Fifth Cornhill Test: England v South Africa

# Victory ends England's long drought

David Hopps at Hedingley

FOR once nobody can misrepresent England's cricketers as little better than a national joke. For once nobody can pronounce that Test cricket in England has already entered its death throes. For once — and it is quite a turn-up to be able to declare it after 12 years without a series victory — the England cricket team can declare themselves to be winners.

"A little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring," so wrote William Congreve in *The Way Of The World* nearly 300 years ago. That has been the way of the world for English cricket for too long: briefly encouraging, often inept, a delightful invitation to ridicule. In its way, so very English.

That perception has been weakened, if not yet reversed, because England, with their deplorable record on tour, must go to Australia this winter. And as Hansie Cronje, South Africa's captain, pointed out: "It is winning away from home that really boosts your reputation."

But it took 28 minutes on Monday to make a start. South Africa, entering the final day at 185 for eight, were dismissed for 185, leaving England victors by 23 runs. Angus Fraser had Allan Donald caught at the wicket from the merest sliver of an outside edge, and Darren Gough completed his best Test figures, six for 42, by having Makhaya Ntini out lbw.

There is no magic formula for England's victory in this series. It is the reward for several years' striv-



Champagne moment... Gough lets success go to his head as celebrations start

PHOTO: LAURENCE GRIFFITHS

ing by up to a dozen key individuals. But Alec Stewart, whose appointment to the captaincy in the spring was deemed to be a stopgap, will deserve the recognition he receives.

Stewart brushes aside excuses and soft thinking as he brushes dust from his shoes. His conviction that English cricket must toughen up is hardly a unique insight. It is shared by the collection of senior players — Mike Atherton (England's Man of the Series), Nasser Hussain, Graham Thorpe, Fraser and Gough —

who have committed themselves so intensively to breaking the mould.

To emphasise, however, that England's advancement has been a team effort, one only has to consider the turning point in the series. In the third Test at Old Trafford, South Africa led by 369 runs on first innings and with nearly two days remaining looked certain to go 3-0 up in the series.

The recovery was begun by Atherton and Stewart, both aware that another England crisis loomed.

Had either fallen cheaply, this summer would have ended with the usual bout of recriminations. Instead they remained in a stand of 226, and Robert Croft's unbeaten 37 in three hours scamped a draw.

If Stewart was assisted by Atherton at Old Trafford, Hedingley provided another symbolic moment in the shape of Hussain, who tolled for more than seven hours for 94. When Hussain was dismissed on Sunday he punched the boundary rail in distress not at a lost Test hundred but that he might not have carried the job through. Thanks to the dependability of Fraser and yes, these days, the dependability of Gough, too, he had done enough.

Stewart won the toss and chose to bat. The highlight of the opening day was Butcher's maiden century. While wickets around him tumbled, he went on to make a gutsy 116. But the tourists passed England's first innings total, thanks to a patient 57 from Hansie Cronje.

If Hussain was the hero of England's second innings, Butcher, Stewart and Ramprakash also made useful contributions.

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## Surrey tighten their grip

Rob Steen

IF CHICKENS are not yet being counted, the coops are close to chock-a-block. Saqlain Mushtaq's latest masterclass in artfulness brought Derbyshire to their knees at The Oval and Surrey their eighth victory of the County Championship campaign — two more than any rival and already as many as Glamorgan managed in taking last season's pennant.

With four games to go and second-placed Leicestershire trailing by 41 points with a game in hand, the words "in", "the" and "bag" must be sorely difficult to resist.

Saqlain's success there has turbo-charged Surrey's seemingly irresistible challenge for

## Scoreboard

**ENGLAND First Innings**  
M A Butcher b Pollock 116  
M A Atherton c Kallis b Ntini 18  
N Hussain c Boucher b Pollock 16  
A J Stewart c Kallis b Donald 21  
M R Ramprakash c Boucher b Donald 2  
G A Hick c Rhodes b Ntini 2  
A Flintoff b Liebenberg b Pollock 24  
D G Gough not out 24  
D K Salisbury b Ntini 0  
D Gough c McMillen b Ntini 0  
A R C Fraser c Cullinan b Donald 4  
Extras (b4, lb5, w2, nb10) 21

**Total (83.3 overs)**  
Fall of wickets: 45, 83, 110, 181, 198, 198, 200, 213  
Bowling: Donald 20.3-6-44-3; Pollock 24-6-51-3; Ntini 21-5-72-4; Kallis 9-4-30-0; McMillen 9-4-20-0

**SOUTH AFRICA First Innings**  
G Kirsten lbw b Fraser 6  
G F J Liebenberg c Hick b Fraser 21  
J H Kallis c Ramprakash b Cook 40  
D J Cullinan c Stewart b Gough 27  
W J Cronje lbw b Fraser 57  
J N Rhodes c Stewart b Gough 32  
B M McMillen c Salisbury b Cook 31  
S M Pollock c Salisbury b Fraser 6  
M V Boucher c Atherton b Gough 0  
A A Donald lbw b Fraser 0  
M Ntini not out 21  
Extras (b20, nb1) 21

**Total (90.3 overs)**  
Fall of wickets: 17, 36, 83, 120, 163, 184, 237, 242, 242  
To bat: M Ntini  
Bowling: Gough 24.3-7-58-3; Fraser 25-10-42-5; Cook 11-3-72-2; Flintoff 3-1-31-0; Salisbury 3-0-6-0; Butcher 3-4-23-0

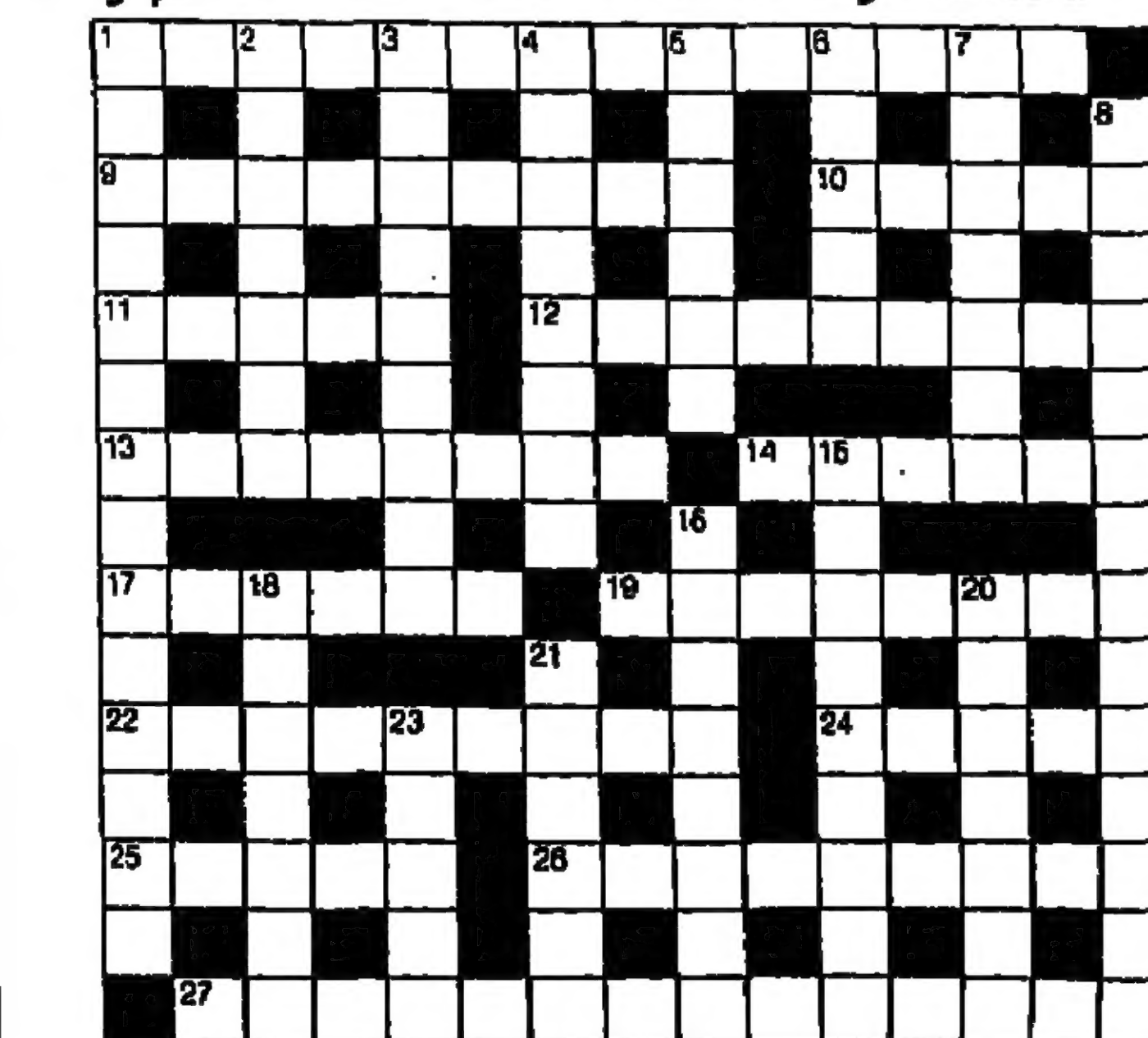
**ENGLAND Second Innings**  
M A Butcher c McMillen b Pollock 37  
M A Atherton lbw b Donald 1  
A J Stewart c Boucher b Pollock 38  
M R Ramprakash lbw b Pollock 28  
N Hussain c Cronje b Pollock 24  
D K Salisbury c Boucher b Pollock 4  
G A Hick c Jurgens b Donald 1  
A Flintoff c Boucher b Donald 10  
D G Gough c Cullinan b Donald 10  
A R C Fraser not out 1  
Extras (b14, lb1, w2, nb10) 27

**Total (110.2 overs)**  
Fall of wickets: 2, 81, 143, 200, 206, 207, 229, 225  
Bowling: Pollock 35-14-53-5; Donald 29-7-71-5; McMillen 11-0-22-0; Ntini 15-4-43-0; Kallis 16-6-31-0; Cullinan 1-0-1-0; Cronje 4-1-4-0

**SOUTH AFRICA Second Innings**  
G Kirsten c Atherton b Gough 3  
G F J Liebenberg lbw b Gough 0  
J H Kallis lbw b Fraser 0  
D J Cullinan lbw b Gough 0  
W J Cronje c Stewart b Fraser 0  
J N Rhodes c Flintoff b Gough 0  
B M McMillen c Stewart b Cook 0  
S M Pollock not out 0  
M V Boucher lbw b Gough 0  
A A Donald c Stewart b Fraser 0  
M Ntini lbw b Gough 0  
Extras (b8, nb2) 0

**Total (75 overs)**  
Fall of wickets: 9, 12, 12, 12, 27, 144, 187, 176, 184  
Bowling: Gough 23-6-42-8; Fraser 23-8-50-3; Cook 17-1-60-1; Flintoff 4-0-13-0; Salisbury 8-0-34-0  
Umpires: Javed Akhtar and P Wiley  
England won by 23 runs (Series 2-1)

## Cryptic crossword by Janus



### Across

- 1 A warning decree broadcast by philanthropist (6,8)
- 9 Well-known Archers' partisan wandering round hospital (9)
- 10 Queen introducing lady to returning sailor (5)
- 11 Not sparkling for all that (5)
- 12 Get off with bandleader in semi-dark? (9)
- 13 They compete for battered steel hat (8)
- 14 Prison officers' turns (6)
- 17 Member of an institution or fashionable team perhaps (6)
- 19 Relates to saint perturbed by

### Down

- 2 Back to front in the matter of poetry (2,7)
- 24 Bird seen on a Georgia motorway (5)
- 25 Writer turning over material (5)
- 26 Fungus attributable to modern kind of tools? (9)
- 27 Overestimated account from the bank (10,4)

### Down

- 1 Where broadsheet gets on to bad lapse by French spouse (5,9)
- 2 Dancer making many shiver? (7)

### Last week's solution

Across: 1. WARNING, 2. BACK, 3. FRONT, 4. MATTER, 5. POETRY, 6. TWO, 7. SEVEN, 8. RHYME, 9. ARCHER, 10. HOSPITAL, 11. SAILOR, 12. SPARKLING, 13. BATTLE, 14. PRISON, 15. INSTITUTION, 16. TEAM, 17. MEMBER, 18. FASHIONABLE, 19. SAINT, 20. PERTURBED, 21. RELATES, 22. BANK, 23. ACCOUNT, 24. BIRD, 25. WRITER, 26. FUNGUS, 27. TOOLS, 28. MODERN, 29. KIND, 30. FISH, 31. SHIVER, 32. DANCER, 33. MAKE, 34. MANY, 35. SHIVER, 36. DANCER, 37. MAKE, 38. MANY, 39. SHIVER, 40. DANCER, 41. MAKE, 42. MANY, 43. SHIVER, 44. DANCER, 45. MAKE, 46. MANY, 47. SHIVER, 48. DANCER, 49. MAKE, 50. MANY, 51. SHIVER, 52. DANCER, 53. MAKE, 54. MANY, 55. SHIVER, 56. DANCER, 57. MAKE, 58. MANY, 59. SHIVER, 60. DANCER, 61. MAKE, 62. MANY, 63. SHIVER, 64. DANCER, 65. MAKE, 66. MANY, 67. SHIVER, 68. DANCER, 69. MAKE, 70. MANY, 71. SHIVER, 72. DANCER, 73. MAKE, 74. MANY, 75. SHIVER, 76. DANCER, 77. MAKE, 78. MANY, 79. SHIVER, 80. DANCER, 81. MAKE, 82. MANY, 83. SHIVER, 84. DANCER, 85. MAKE, 86. MANY, 87. SHIVER, 88. 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## Genetic modification will improve food security

I AM amazed at the scaremongering of James Melkie and John Vidal, implying how risky genetically modified (GM) crops are (Plan for a buffer zone to isolate gene crops, July 19). New plant varieties are always carefully tested, irrespective of whether they are developed by traditional breeding, by genetic modification or imported. GM crops are not more risky simply because they are made by genetic modification. Wide-reaching claims, such as the one that certain species of birds are threatened by GM crops, need to be based on scientific fact. Many species of birds have become rare because of the destruction of their natural habitats, intensive agriculture, expansion of cities, roads, etc., and not because farmers planted one particular variety of a crop rather than another.

There would be no farming without plant breeding: new plant varieties have been essential for agriculture throughout its 10,000-year history. What is new today is that the tools of molecular biology allow a more directed plant breeding than was possible with traditional crops. Genetic modification will make valuable contributions to more sustainable agriculture and to improved world food security.

World-wide, GM crops are grown on about 20 million hectares today. Plants can be made more resistant to insects so the farmer needs to use less insecticide — this has already been achieved with maize and potatoes. Many virus-resistant crops have also been developed through genetic modification, and there is every reason to expect such crops will be widely used in the future.

Richard Braun,  
Worb, Switzerland

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will make for better crop yield but they are only pursuing profits. Don't fall for this claptrap — it is gambling with our children's health.  
Alan Hunter,  
Edinburgh

## Why pigs won't save our bacon

THE announcement of new UK guidelines on xenotransplantation (August 9) may have given the impression that animal-to-human transplants will be saving human lives in the imminent future. But hype and hope have obscured the fact that the obstacles to xenotransplantation ever becoming a clinical therapy are enormous.

The unpredictable consequences of the introduction of genetically modified pig tissue into living human subjects and, in particular, the risk of novel infectious diseases being introduced to the human population as a result of animal-to-human virus transfer, overshadow all consideration of this matter.

Animal and human organs differ in many ways: in their production of hormones; in their rates of filtration, secretion and absorption of electrolytes, enzymes, and other chemical substances; in their physical structure; and their expected longevity. Any one of these could prove an insurmountable obstacle.

The implication now that a cure to the shortage of organs for transplant is only a few animal experiments away raises premature, and almost certainly false, hope. Xenotransplantation is not a panacea: it is speculative, potentially dangerous, and more a product of the financial high-risk, high-reward principles of commercial biotechnology than a considered and prudent response to the organ shortage.

Every cell in our body uses food to repair and replenish tissue. Genetic tampering will, therefore, affect the very intra-cellular structure of our bodies. The long-term effects of such dietary abomination will not show for another generation, and by then it will be too late. Drug companies try to argue that their tampering

20 years ago by the Heilbron report, which was endorsed in the Sexual Offences Amendment Act (1978): that cross-examination about the complainant's sexual history should only be introduced when relevant. The problem is that the introduction of such evidence was left to the discretion of the judges, the very group that was allowing its introduction in the first place. Without training or monitoring of trials, judges have continued in their old ways, and research has shown that the introduction of sexual history evidence goes far beyond the interest of relevance to the issues in the trial.

Canada, Australia and the United States have all restricted such evidence. In Britain it is used in an attempt to discredit the victim's character. This is leading to serial rapists getting away with rape again and again. Dea Birkett ignores the fact that since 1976 the conviction rate for reported rapes has dropped, from 37 per cent to 9 per cent.  
(Prof) Sue Lees,  
University of North London

## Shades of McCarthyism

JANE Barrett's defence of South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission (August 16) only confirms its weaknesses. Of course, interesting and illuminating evidence was given. But what concerns friends of South Africa — and I was banned from the country for 10 years for my anti-apartheid journalism — is the damage that was done to the basic tenets of justice.

The commission turned self-incrimination into a public duty and abandoned the initial principle that submissions should be voluntary: the courts were used to force individuals to give evidence. It also laid down that amnesty would only be recommended if the commission was satisfied a "full confession" had been given — in plain English, naming names. Innocence could be bought at the cost of incriminating others. The commission, in its evangelical naivety, embraced the flaws of both Stalin's show trials and McCarthyism.  
Chris Jones,  
St Albans, Herts

## Rape victims are a special case

DEA Birkett's argument (Women must face their attackers, August 16) that the proposals about rape trials in the Home Office's report, Speaking Up For Justice, amount to special treatment for women is wrong on two counts.

First, the provisions would apply in cases of male rape — rape is no longer a gender-specific crime. Second, the proposals about rape trials are a small part of a much wider project to look at the place and treatment of witnesses, and especially those who may be intimidated. Judges have the right to intervene to prevent the badgering of witnesses, but must exercise this power with considerable caution. As a result rape victims spend a third more time in the witness box than victims of other serious assaults. To place one's faith in the judiciary means more women describing their experiences as "like a second rape" and the continuation of the present situation where fewer than one woman in 10 reporting rape sees her attacker convicted.

Kate Cook,  
Campaign to End Rape  
Gill Tishler,  
Chief executive, Young Women's Christian Association of GB

SPEAKING Up For Justice simply makes the same point made

## Briefly

HOWEVER "undesirable" it may be in some people's eyes, Laurent-Désiré Kabila, the president of the Democratic Republic of Congo, is surely entitled to be called his full name in the English-language media. Yet we find him consistently referred to on the BBC and in respectable newspapers as "Laurent" Kabila. France's interior minister, Jean-Pierre Chevènement, is never called "Jean"; and the late minister-president of Bavaria, Franz-Josef Strauss, would have been enraged to hear himself referred to as just "Franz".

The truncating of Kabila's name is unpleasantly reminiscent of the way the US Immigration authorities used to change the spelling of European names they found "unpronounceable".  
Peter Graham,  
Mourlon, France

AS A British volunteer working in Macedonia I would take issue with Jonathan Steele's article ("Macedonia accused of ethnic abuses", August 2).

While things may not be perfect, Albanians do have representation and basic civil rights. To suggest that not allowing the mayors of Gostivar and Tetovo to fly the flag of another sovereign state over their town halls is a denial of equal rights seems to me to be taking things too far. If the mayor of London were to raise the flag of the Irish Republic above his town hall and pledge support for a united Ireland, would this be tolerated in the United Kingdom?  
Clive Whiting,  
Skopje, Macedonia

WAS nine years old when the hanged Derek Bentley (Convicted quashed, August 9) and I was struck even at that age by the manifest unfairness of his conviction and repulsion by the obscene ritual of his execution. It would be a fitting memorial if, once and for all, calls for the return of capital punishment were ended. It would also be welcome if the decision was a sign that, at long last, Britain's Court of Appeal recognised that public confidence in the judicial system is strengthened when mistakes are acknowledged and rectified rather than buried.  
Campbell Malone,  
Salford

## Tiny's sense of honour

YOUR obituary of Tiny Rowland (August 2) gives the impression that he was a fascist. Although Tiny did join the Hitler Youth in his early teens, he also was killed for eight weeks in Berlin in 1939 for associating with anti-Nazis.

Tiny enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1940 and served in Norway. When his parents, who had lost their business interests in Germany because of their anti-Nazi sentiments, were interned on the Isle of Man, Tiny refused to continue in the RAMC. He was discharged and interned with his parents.

From 1970 to 1976 I represented the 49 per cent North American interests in the Lonrho-controlled Western Platinum mine in South Africa. Frequently the views I presented were in conflict with those of Tiny, but throughout our many arguments I found Tiny always straightfor ward and honourable.  
James Holmes,  
Oakville, Ontario, Canada

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## Dutch troops admit role in Srebrenica massacre

### In Traynor in Bonn

THE Serb slaughter of thousands of Bosnian Muslims after Srebrenica fell in 1995 returned to haunt the Dutch armed forces and politicians last weekend as former peacekeepers in the enclave told how their unit may have killed dozens of Muslim fighters and helped the Serbs separate the victims for execution.

Members of the 435-strong Dutch battalion which served in the east Bosnian town alleged that the government had covered up their role in the fall of the enclave, saying that military and photographic evidence had been destroyed and a confidential report on the activities of the peacekeepers had been suppressed.

Frank De Grave, the defence minister, ordered an immediate

judicial inquiry into the claims. Last weekend MPs from all parties demanded a parliamentary inquiry into Dutch conduct in Srebrenica in July 1995.

Thousands of Muslim men were hunted down and murdered by Serb forces under General Ratko Mladic in the single worst atrocity of the three-year Bosnian war. The Red Cross is still seeking information on the whereabouts of 7,380 men.

Gen Mladic and his political boss, Radovan Karadzic, have been indicted for genocide by the International War Crimes Tribunal on Former Yugoslavia, also based in The Hague.

On July 11, the day the enclave fell to the Serbs, a Dutch armoured car came up against a group of 30 armed Muslim men trying to flee, according to peacekeepers talking

to television and the press last weekend.

An unnamed officer said that the Muslims refused to let the commander ordered the driver to drive through the mêlée. Most of the fighters were run over and killed, the officer said.

Lieutenant Ron Rutten, aged 38, who served with "Dutchbat" in Srebrenica, said he filmed his colleagues helping the Serbs separate Muslim men from women and children for the purpose of deportation and murder.

His video and film were presented to a 1995 Dutch inquiry which cleared the peacekeepers of doing anything wrong in Srebrenica. According to the government, the film was destroyed by mistake while being developed. Last

week the war crimes tribunal in The Hague issued a 1995 report absolving the Dutch of any responsibility for Srebrenica.

Li Rutten, who said he had filmed the corpses of nine Muslim men lying in a ditch after being shot by the Serbs, asked his colleagues why they were helping the Serbs to prepare their deportation. He was promptly sent back to base by his commanding officer.

He said the then defence minister, Joris Voorhoeve, was informed of this in 1995, and added that his testimony was "systematically" removed from the inquiry.

Questions about the Dutch conduct and how officials handled the crisis are mounting as more and more participants come forward to state publicly what they had previously revealed only in confidence.

## Congo rebels advance on Kinshasa

### Arthur Malu-Malu in Kinshasa

THE capital of the Democratic Republic of the Congo awoke to another day without electricity on Tuesday, with a major power blackout blamed on Rwandan-backed rebels disrupting fuel and water supplies.

As rebel units advanced on Kinshasa, hundreds of Westerners fled the capital. The United States has temporarily closed its embassy.

The city itself remained calm on Tuesday, with residents out shopping as usual for food and other basics, but witnesses reported fewer vehicles on the streets. Residents said there was no real sign of unusual military activity.

President Laurent Kabila's government, which conceded that the rebels held the giant Inga dam in the strategic Congo river corridor leading to the sea, urged the international community to denounce Rwanda for invading and targeting civilians.

"The international community must not allow a foreigner to take over the country," minister, Didier Mungeli, said on Monday.

The whereabouts of Mr Kabila himself, who left for the southern city of Lubumbashi early on Monday amid speculation that he was seeking military help from neighbouring Angola and other friends in the region, were not immediately clear.

He accuses former allies Rwanda and Uganda, who helped him oust veteran dictator Mobutu Sese Seko last year, of fighting alongside ethnic Tutsi and other rebels who took up arms in the east on August 2.

Mr Kabila fell out with his former sponsors over ways of ensuring security and stability in Central Africa and protecting the status of Tutsis in Congo. Both Rwanda and Uganda deny his charges, though independent sources say that Rwandan forces are clearly involved in the latest revolt.

The rebels hold Goma, Bukavu and Uvira in the east. In the west, they hold Inga and towns further down the Congo river. They reported their forces close to Mbanza Ngungu, a military base 120km southwest of the capital. — Reuters

## The Week

AFTER years of acrimonious negotiations, Jewish groups and Swiss banks reached agreement on an estimated \$1.25 billion deal that will compensate thousands of Holocaust survivors and their relatives for their looted Nazi-era assets.  
Comment, page 12  
Washington Post, page 16

ISRAEL has joined India and Pakistan in lifting its long-standing veto on international negotiations to end the production of fissile materials used for nuclear bombs.

A FEDERAL appeals court ruled that the United States food and drug administration does not have jurisdiction to regulate tobacco products, marking a major victory for tobacco companies.  
Washington Post, page 16

A COURT in Burma sentenced 18 foreign activists in five years hard labour for handing out anti-government literature but immediately suspended the sentences and expelled them from the country.

TWO Arkansas schoolboys, Mitchell Johnson, aged 14, and 12-year-old Andrew Golden, were found guilty of shooting dead four classmates and a teacher in Jonesboro and ordered to be held in youth custody facilities until they are 21.

A RIVER in flood-hit northern China burst its banks, washing away rail lines and stranding 76,000 people in dangerous conditions.

RESCUERS found Chicago millionaire Steve Fossett alive in the South Pacific, eight hours after contact with his round-the-world balloon attempt was lost. He was on the 10th day of his fourth attempt to

TONY Blair and Bill Clinton are planning an international launch of their "Third Way" ideology at a one-day conference in New York on September 21 with other world leaders.

TWO people died and many were hurt when police in Lesotho's capital Maseru fired on protesters opposed to the landslide election victory of the ruling Lesotho Congress for Democracy in May.

A PALESTINIAN businessman, Walid al-Qawasmeh, died in a car crash on the way to work two weeks in detention without trial. Human rights groups say his death forms part of a pattern of torture by which Yasser Arafat's police extort money.

ANDRE Weil, one of the great French mathematicians of this century, has died aged 92.



Zira Berisha, whose home in Glodjane, Kosovo, was burned by Serb forces. Her husband Rok is a leading member of the Kosovo Liberation Army  
PHOTOGRAPH: SEAMUS MURPHY

## Shelling sparks Kosovo exodus

### Jonathan Steele in Barane

THE stillness of the night is broken by the plop-plop of an artillery shell falling just outside my window. I am in a small village, Barane, in the north of Kosovo, and I am trying to escape the shelling. The eastern edge of the pocket into which they have been pushed is a range of hills with no exit except on foot.

"The Serbs usually shell one day as if to warn people to get out, and then come in with their tanks the next day to loot and burn," said a man in Barane.

The distant sound of shelling had convinced most of Barane's 2,000 inhabitants, as well as its hundreds of visitors, that it was next on the list. He and a few other men stayed behind to keep guard.

Refugees from villages near Pec said the Serbs used strike aircraft last weekend. In a clinic in the basement of a house lay a woman, eight months pregnant, who had been hit by shrapnel from an air-launched rocket or bomb. The doctor said 30 patients arrived that day.

The Serbs claim their offensive is a response to attacks by the independence-seeking Kosovo Liberation Army. But the KLA fighters in the area last week were too lightly armed to take on tanks.

The majority of refugees defended the KLA, but a few were crit-

ical. "If the KLA calls itself an army, they should have planes and tanks to match the Serbs. But they don't," said Nedyo Blagovestov, a local doctor. He had slept on straw patted down on the concrete floor.

"We don't believe in the KLA much. It's not as big as it seems on TV," said a teacher of English.

Some may be disappointed with the KLA, but there has been a more striking — and pervasive — change in attitudes towards the West. When the Serb offensive launched the refugee crisis 10 weeks ago, it was hoped Nato would prove true to its tough talk of intervention. Now people feel betrayed and angry.

Nato's six-day air exercise which started in Albania this week is seen as a game.

As we talked to one family, the sound of an exploding shell caused a moment of silence as everyone waited for another. Then children burst into tears and an elderly man shouted: "I don't want to run any more. I've nowhere to run to."

Our Albanian interpreter was deeply affected. She had never been out of Pristina to the war zones. As we left the last of the campsites, she said: "These people are in the hands of God. No one else cares."

Martin Walker, page 6

Handwritten signature or note in the right margin.



## Mubarak risks taking sides in Sudan war

ANALYSIS  
David Hirst

THE Sudanese opposition, a broad coalition of African southerners and Arab Muslim northerners known as the National Democratic Alliance (NDA), held a conference in Cairo last weekend to plan the next stage of its struggle against the Khartoum government. It is the first time Egypt has hosted such a gathering, and it is another blow to the Sudanese leader Hassan al-Turabi and his National Islamic Front.

Reports in Cairo suggest that President Hosni Mubarak has decided to start playing a more active role in the affairs of Egypt's vast southern neighbour. He is alarmed by the worsening conditions there, including the widespread famine, the growing scale and complexity of the civil war, and above all the danger Sudan's territorial disintegration poses to Egypt's vital stake in the waters of the Nile.

In recent years Egypt has taken second place to others in relations with the NDA. Ethiopia, Eritrea and Uganda have supported the alliance's cross-border military operations, while the United States, Europe and the African states directly or indirectly involved in the intergovernmental Authority for Development (Icad) have been promoting a peace process between Khartoum and the southern rebels of John Garang's Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA).

The NDA is mainly composed of the two traditionalist parties of the north — Sadik al-Mahdi's Umma and Mohammed al-Mirghani's Khalifa; various so-called "modern" forces, including communists and army officers; and the SPLA, which is by far the most important element militarily.

Before the conference opened, the three main opposition leaders — Mr Mahdi, Mr Mirghani and Colonel Garang — met President Mubarak, who warned of "grave dangers" Sudan now faced.

The conference follows directly on the collapse of the latest round of talks, in Addis Ababa, between Khartoum and the SPLA.

Last year, in a "peace-from-within" deal with a group of southern leaders opposed to Col Garang, Khartoum accepted in principle the hitherto heretical notion of southern secession. But it announced in the one thing for Khartoum to grant it to its own protégés, quite another to concede it to a leader of Col Garang's stature.

The Addis Ababa talks apparently broke down on an SPLA proposal to turn Sudan into a north-south confederation for a two-year transitional period, to be followed by a referendum on southern self-determination.

Evidently Cairo saw the talks' collapse as an opportunity to step in. Though generally on bad terms with Khartoum — which it has accused of sponsoring Islamist terrorists — it has been ambivalent about the NDA's military campaign, which has recently spread from the south to the Port Sudan and Kassala area of the north.

It has not been keen to throw its weight behind a movement which, far from seizing power in Khartoum, might dismember the country. Its nightmare is that control of the Nile's headwaters might fall into hostile hands. Egypt's support depends on assurances that the NDA will not countenance Sudan's break-up. Cairo needs such promises less from the NDA's northern members, who hold the same fears, than from Col Garang. His military strength makes him Sudan's key power-broker.

In public at least, Egypt got what it wanted. On only his second visit to Cairo since he took command of the SPLA in 1983, Col Garang said: "I want to assure everyone of our commitment to the unity of Sudan." But, he added, it must be "on a new basis".

The Khartoum newspaper al-Jumhuriyah said the Turabi government, angered by Egypt's new stance, was threatening to retaliate with a conference of Egypt's "armed opposition" groups.

gerness with which the government announced that it had handed Mr Howaida to the Kenyan authorities rather than to US investigators. Pakistani newspapers said Mr Howaida told interrogators that the embassy bombings were masterminded by Osama bin Laden, the Saudi militant princeling who has been given sanctuary in neighbouring Afghanistan.

The News said Mr Howaida was a Palestinian engineer, and had as many as six companions who had slipped past immigration officials with false passports. They travelled on a flight from Nairobi on the day of the bombing, has been muted.

Mr Bin Laden and his entourage are said to be sheltering near Kandahar, southern Afghanistan, where he is treated as an honoured guest by the Islamic Taliban militia. Mr Howaida aroused the suspicion of immigration officials because he did not match the details in his passport, which described the bearer as "a bearded man with substantial build". Mr Howaida is said to be clean-shaven and slight.



"If they were spindly white legs, would Uncle Sam's finest charge in to the rescue?" PHOTO: TOM STODDART

## Unseen, they starve by the thousand

Victoria Brittain

A GREAT human tragedy is continuing to unfold across southern Sudan, unseen except in pockets where aid agencies fly into grassy airstrips with food and medicine for tens of thousands of people displaced by civil war between the Islamic government in Khartoum and the nomadic cattle herders of the south.

Never before have so many tens of thousands died. Cattle herds have been wiped out or stolen; schools, hospitals and villages razed to the ground by bombing from government planes, or torched by the disciplined militias paid and armed by Khartoum. Women and children have been kidnapped and enslaved.

This grim situation is certain to worsen in the coming months and into 1999 because of late rain, poor harvests and the

collapse of all infrastructure across the region during the war of the past 15 years.

Sudan's two halves are divided by culture and religion, but the current Islamic government of the north has enforced its traditional political dominance with a ruthless military campaign which has destroyed the rural economy of the more backward south.

The Sudan People's Liberation Army, led by Colonel John Garang, leads the resistance, but has split, with factions bought off by Khartoum.

With a precarious three-month ceasefire between the government and the SPLA, \$1 million a day is being poured in as food aid, but still the people starve.

More than 100 people are dying every day in Ajiep, just one of the dozens of feeding centres at the epicentre of the famine in southern Sudan, where photog-

rapher Tom Stoddart flew in for two hours.

"I focused on the spindly black legs... I wondered what would happen if they were spindly white legs, would Uncle Sam's finest charge in with high technology to the rescue?" he asked.

The death rate in Ajiep is worse than even the Horn of Africa famine of 1984/85 which so shocked Bob Geldof that he started LiveAid, or the 1994 cholera epidemic among Rwandan refugees which nearly sparked a Western invasion.

"The situation in Ajiep is catastrophic," said Sophie Baguet, a nutritionist with Médecins Sans Frontières.

The death rate is 69 per 10,000 a day and 133 deaths per 10,000 for children under five. Two deaths per 10,000 a day is considered an emergency.

Comment, page 12  
Pitiless war, page 23

Suzanne Goldenberg in Lahore

UNITED STATES envoys began leaving Pakistan this week, reducing to a skeleton Washington's diplomatic presence in a country once seen as a staunch ally.

A statement from the US embassy advised other Americans to join them, in the light of threats received after the extradition from Pakistan of a man suspected of involvement in the bombing of the US embassies in Kenya and Tanzania.

So far Pakistan's reaction to the arrest of Mohammed Sadik Howaida, who arrived in Karachi on a flight from Nairobi on the day of the bombing, has been muted.

But the operation in the pursuit of terrorists has led to retaliation against Americans in the past, including the killing of four oil workers last November after a Pakistani, Mir Aimal Kasi, was convicted of shooting dead two agents outside the CIA headquarters.

Such risks are reflected in the ea-

gerness with which the government announced that it had handed Mr Howaida to the Kenyan authorities rather than to US investigators.

Pakistani newspapers said Mr Howaida told interrogators that the embassy bombings were masterminded by Osama bin Laden, the Saudi militant princeling who has been given sanctuary in neighbouring Afghanistan.

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Mr Howaida aroused the suspicion of immigration officials because he did not match the details in his passport, which described the bearer as "a bearded man with substantial build". Mr Howaida is said to be clean-shaven and slight.

The Pakistani police said that under interrogation Mr Howaida, aged 32, confessed to designing and helping to build the bombs used at Nairobi and Dar es Salaam, which killed 257 people.

Meanwhile US officials said a Kenyan guard at the US embassy in Nairobi identified a photograph shown to him by the FBI as someone he had seen at the bombing. Some US newspapers said that it was one of Mr Bin Laden's known associates.

Using his family's fortune earned in the Middle East construction trade, Mr Bin Laden built up a private army of Islamic zealots in the early 1980s to fight the Russian occupation of Afghanistan. Since then he is reported to have financed a wide range of fundamentalist groups.

Mr Bin Laden is wanted by the US for questioning about several terrorist attacks on American outposts, including the bombing of barracks in Riyadh and Dhahran in Saudi Arabia in 1996, and the World Trade Centre in New York in 1993.

John Agillonby in Jakarta

THREE elderly members of the Indonesian Communist Party, who had each served more than 30 years in prison, were among 25 political prisoners freed on Monday to mark the country's Independence Day celebrations.

But there was little popular rejoicing in the country which has suffered most from Asia's economic crisis and which thousands have fled, fearing fresh social unrest.

Three months after President Suharto was forced to resign by public demand for reform, critics used the anniversary to highlight the government's continuing repression.

President Suharto refused to free the two most prominent detainees, the East Timorese separatist leader Jose Xanana Gusmao, and Budiman Sudjatmiko, the leader of the People's Democratic Party (PRD), who was imprisoned for undermining the state ideology. Mr Gusmao, who received a four-

month remission on his 20-year sentence, said on Monday in his Jakarta prison that the fact that more than half Indonesia's 200-odd political prisoners were still behind bars showed the government's opposition to reform. "If this really wants to call itself a regime of reform, then Mr Habibie has to release all political prisoners without preconditions," he said.

Mr Sudjatmiko said the political prisoners were being used as a bargaining tool with the international community.

While Mr Habibie led the official Independence Day ceremonies at the state palace, his opponents held their own. In west Jakarta, Megawati Sukarnoputri, the daughter of Indonesia's first president, held a rally attended by thousands of her supporters.

A similar number met at the capital's Proclamation of Independence Park for the culmination of a three-day conference on democracy that bemoaned how little reform Mr Habibie has undertaken.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY  
August 23 1998

## NZ coalition hits the rocks

Anthony Hubbard in Wellington

NEW ZEALAND'S odd-couple coalition government has blown apart amid scenes of anger and farce. The prime minister and leader of the National party, Jenny Shipley, has sacked her turbulent deputy, Winston Peters, after an extraordinary bust-up last week which saw the two openly quarrelling in parliament.

Then Mr Peters's hybrid party, New Zealand First (NZF), abruptly disintegrated, with half of its MPs walking out. It now appears that Mrs Shipley's National party will rule as a minority government with support from Mr Peters's deserters.

It was a spectacular end to the first New Zealand government elected under the German form of proportional representation known as Mixed Member Proportional (MMP). The National/New Zealand First coalition, formed after the 1996 election when MMP replaced the old Westminster-style electoral system, has stumbled from crisis to crisis.

There have always been enormous tensions between the free-market National party and the nationalist, populist New Zealand First. These bubbled over in the past week, when an argument over whether to sell Wellington airport grey into a full-blown battle of conflicting ideologies.

This in turn ignited the long-simmering internal tensions in New Zealand First, a peculiar hybrid of Maori and European, liberal and conservative voters. Seven MPs left to become independents in this week's upheaval. The position of an eighth, Cabinet minister Peter McCordie, was unclear on Tuesday night, although Mrs Shipley said he, too, had decided to support her National government.

The seven or eight MPs would give Mrs Shipley a one- or two-seat majority in the 120-seat House of Representatives, while the new independent MPs seem likely to support her on issues of confidence and supply. She will have to win their support issue by issue on other legislation.

Her government is at the mercy of a highly diverse and unpredictable gaggle of independents. If Mrs Shipley found it difficult to work with New Zealand First, she will also find it hard to live with the deserters from Mr Peters's party.

The crisis began on August 12, when Mr Peters and four other NZF ministers walked out of Cabinet after an argument over the sale of the government's 66 per cent share in Wellington airport. National, which favours privatisation, was keen to sell Mr Peters, who opposes the sale of "strategic" assets, wanted to ensure a majority of shares remained in the hands of New Zealanders.

The row over the airport was as nothing, however, compared with the scene in parliament the following day. Mr Peters told the House that, in effect, Mrs Shipley had double-crossed him in Cabinet by reneging on an informal deal to limit the Cabinet discussion to two sale options only. He also suggested that if the Opposition brought in legislation to overturn the sale, he would vote for it. Mrs Shipley, a fiercely buttoned-down politician, said icily that she had made no such deal.

It was a slight not seen in a New Zealand parliament in living memory — the leader of the country and her deputy alternately rising from

their shared bench to denounce the other, and then sitting again in frozen silence, staring straight ahead.

The following day Mrs Shipley announced that the airport had been sold, in a deal backed by Mr Peters. Then, a couple of hours later, she sacked Mr Peters from Cabinet, where he had been not only deputy prime minister but the treasurer, effectively the senior finance minister.

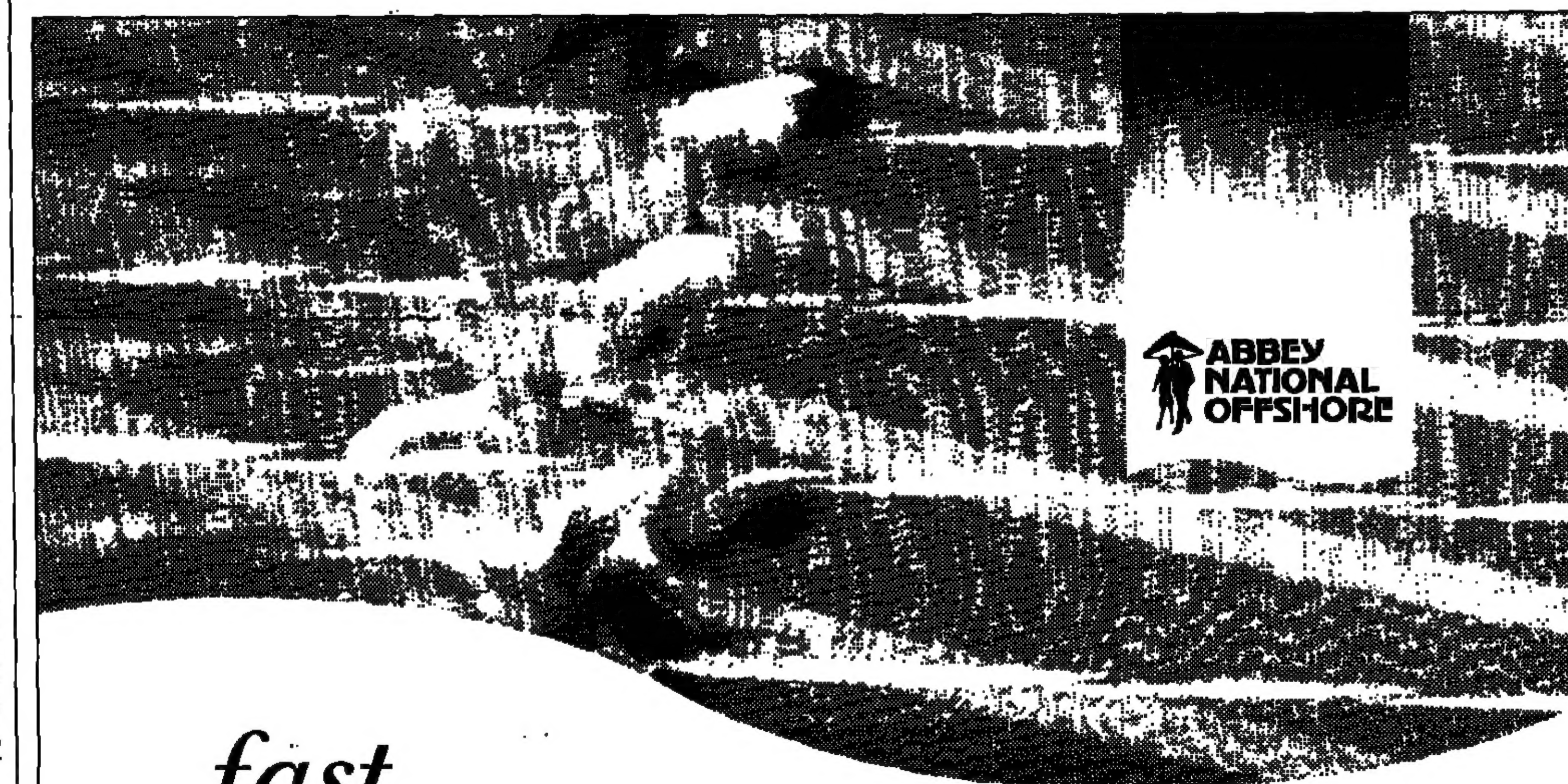
Mr Peters had impugned her honesty, she said furiously: "I cannot be prime minister of this nation and have my integrity brought into question." He had also undermined the country's commercial reputation, she said, by threatening to vote against the sale of the airport.

Polls suggest that the opposition — the Labour party and the leftwing Alliance, which have recently cosied up together after years of bitter enmity — would easily win an election if it were called tomorrow.

Mrs Shipley, an opponent of MMP, is now calling for a referendum to replace it with the first-past-the-post system that used to govern New Zealand elections. Supporters of MMP say the bungling of the coalition government has given a good system a bad name. Whoever is right, it is clear that New Zealanders are disillusioned with proportional representation, just as they are disillusioned with their first MMP government.



Cross benches... Shipley and Peters in parliament last week



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## Show of force that won't save Kosovo

EUROPE THIS WEEK  
Martin Walker

IT LOOKED almost like the real thing when a battalion of US marines was deployed in Albania this week. And it sounded like the real thing as Nato warplanes screamed overhead, just a throttle's push away from the still-smoking wreckage of the villages of Kosovo and the Serbian guns that torment them.

But it was just an exercise, the start of another week of Nato's confidence-building measures. This time Nato is teaching Albanian troops how to run a peacekeeping mission just like the professionals, while the real peacekeeping job across the Albanian border remains unfulfilled.

At Nato headquarters in Brussels last week they announced proudly that the air plan for intervention — required by Nato's secretary-general, Javier Solana, "to minimise collateral damage" (which means civilian casualties) — was now complete "with a full range of options". Nato forces could be in action within 18 hours of receiving their orders.

Nato's Supreme Commander, US General Wesley Clarke, has begun the process of force allocation, asking each Nato country how many warplanes and support forces it can provide. Germany has already offered its special squadron of electronic counter-measures Tornado aircraft, the key to nullifying Serbian anti-aircraft defences.

But like football teams hanging around for the referee's whistle, Nato's planners and troops are still waiting for their masters to take the political decision that may never come. To anyone who recalls the four years of Bosnian agony before the Croatian army offensive triggered the Dayton peace talks and the Nato peacekeeping mission, it all sounds gruesomely familiar.

The United States, whose con-

tempt for some of its timorous European allies is now undisguised, has repeatedly said that by insisting on a United Nations Security Council mandate to intervene in Kosovo they are in effect handing the Russians a veto over Nato operations. This is precisely what Nato refused to permit when it negotiated its permanent joint council arrangement with the Russians.

US officials have confirmed to the Guardian that a special White House envoy had suggested to the Italian prime minister, Romano Prodi, that Italy once again convene "a coalition of the willing", as it did to send peacekeepers to stop the Albanian civil war a year ago. Mr Prodi declined, citing the need to maintain Nato solidarity.

After personal phone calls from President Clinton, both Britain's Tony Blair and Germany's Chancellor Helmut Kohl have indicated a readiness in principle to act without a new UN mandate. But the same call to Jacques Chirac was less productive, leaving France still insisting that Nato should act only with the Security Council's endorsement, which means Russian acquiescence.

French officials in Brussels counter that the Americans talk more fiercely than they act, noting an American suggestion that some of the US marines earmarked for Kosovo may not be available if US civilians have to be evacuated from the civil war in the Congo.

European diplomats also note that it was the US who began to hang back from a Kosovo operation when it began suspecting that the Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) included organised criminal groups involved in smuggling as well as stout nationalists. Indeed the US is seriously concerned that Islamic fundamentalist volunteers from Iran and Afghanistan are joining their Muslim co-religionists in the KLA.

"The KLA is not helping," one Nato official commented last week on learning that the KLA was refus-



Waiting for Nato... Resigned villagers in the former Kosovar rebel stronghold of Junik, recently captured by the Serbs. PHOTO: SPOJAN LUC

ing to join the new five-man negotiating team put together by Kosovo's political leader, Ibrahim Rugova, to resume talks with the Belgrade government. These talks have been promoted by the US special envoy, Christopher Hill, and by Britain, whose officials drafted the new negotiating agenda based on a series of options for Kosovar autonomy under a nominal Yugoslav banner.

In Albania, meanwhile, Nato logistics units have been preparing the way for the troops from 14 countries, including Russia and Lithuania, who are to join the "partnership for peace" exercises. This will include much heart-warming activity. The French have sent a team of engineers who plan to rebuild a school. The US marines will use their bulldozers to build roads.

There will be paratroop drops, air supply exercises, and a splendid air show for the Albanians. If the neighbouring Kosovans dare to look up from their shelters, they may be able to see some of it. However, this may not be a good idea, since the last big Nato air exercise so convinced the KLA that help was at hand that they launched their offensive against Serb-held towns, which in turn provoked the latest Serbian counter-strikes.

The Americans are incensed in particular with the Russian foreign minister, Yevgeny Primakov, an old Russian intelligence hand who is suspected of seeking to divide and sabotage Nato. At the same time US officials have been saying off the record that they believe Russia has given Serbia's leader, Slobodan Milosevic, a guarantee that Moscow will obstruct any international action to stop his operations in Kosovo. Whether in the name of Slavic solidarity, out of a desire to subvert Nato or, as Moscow says, on that grand UN principle of no outside interference in the internal affairs of a member state, the Russians are being extraordinarily unhelpful.

The irony here is that the US and its European allies have started an urgent new round of G7 consultations to discuss yet another big financial bailout for Russia. The International Monetary Fund is also involved, but after its latest \$15 billion credit guarantee, the IMF's coffers are almost empty. No Kosovo, no bailout might look an attractive negotiating stance to the uninitiated, but professional diplomats shrink in horror from the idea of confusing geo-politics with geo-finance. "Apples and oranges, old boy," they protest.

At some point, however, the question must be asked as to how long the Russians can expect to be treated as reliable members of the international community, when their economy must be regularly bailed out however little they do to enact promised reforms, and when their foreign minister behaves as if the cold war were still at its frostiest.

Doubtless this problem will be raised next month in Moscow, when President Clinton visits Boris Yeltsin for a summit the Americans said would not take place until the Russians ratified the Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty. So far, no treaty. Perhaps Clinton has not noticed, it has been somewhat distracted of late by what we might call domestic affairs. But Kosovo is hardly a new problem. Nato has been making noises of stern resolve and issuing solemn final warnings to Serbia for the past four months.

Washington Post, page 15

## Afrikaners face death on the farm

The unequal distribution of land is being blamed for attacks on South Africa's white farmers.  
Alex Duval Smith  
reports from Bothaville

HENRIE Louwrens, a white farmer, has worked alongside the 12 black labourers he employs for 23 years without apparent incident. But since March a constant reminder of the price of 300 years of white domination over South Africa's soil has been lodged in his lower abdomen — a bullet from a Browning.

Mr Louwrens, a 46-year-old male and cattle farmer in the Free State, does not understand why he was picked out in the spite of attacks in which 570 farmers have been killed in four years and, according to the South African Agricultural Union (SAAU), are being killed at the rate of one every three days.

In the wake of an upsurge in the attacks — a family of four was shot dead in the Western Cape two weeks ago, apparently by a disgruntled labourer — some farmers have voted to withhold taxes in protest against alleged government inaction.

Opposition parties claim that President Nelson Mandela's government is not concerned about the victims because they are white. This week government ministers are due to meet the SAUU and its strongest political ally, the radical Freedom Front, to try to hammer out a solution.

Despite three government reports, the parties, including the agriculture minister, Derek Hanekom, and the safety and security minister, Sydney Mufamadi, have been unable to pinpoint either the perpetrators of the attacks or their motives. There are suspicions that the trend reflects a race war.

The slow process of shuffling land ownership is undoubtedly an underlying motive for the attacks. When apartheid ended in 1994, 87 per cent of the land in South Africa was in the hands of just 12 per cent of the population.

"They had murder in their eyes," said Mr Louwrens, recalling the March 15 attack on him, his wife Soekie and their daughter Carin, aged 18. "We had left the house early, in the BMW, to go to Soekie's father's 81st birthday, and we learned later that the five men arrived soon after our departure. They



Henrie Louwrens makes a routine patrol on his land. He was shot in a rush of attacks on farmers which has led to claims that the government does not care about white victims. PHOTOGRAPH: CAROLINE SUZMAN

had all day to burgle the house, yet they waited for us to return, just before 6pm, so they could murder me," he said.

The house, a large bungalow in the Louwrens' 1,680 acres of land, bristles with security — even by white South African standards. Above the porch, red and green flashing lights, visible from a distance, serve as early warning. Inside the rooms are separated by sliding security gates. In common with 300 farms in a 40-mile radius, the family has a two-way radio and their call-sign, VW65, is painted on the roof to allow for aerial rescue.

"The attackers had cut the electricity before breaking in and clearing out the gun safe and the jewellery safe. They were waiting in ambush, one of them was on the roof," Mr Louwrens said.

He was attacked with his own arsenal of weaponry — the baby Browning, a 9mm Beretta pistol, an Uzi sub-machine-gun, a hunting rifle and an R4 assault rifle — issued by the South African military as part of its security scheme for farmers.

Mr and Mrs Louwrens consider their collection of weaponry unexceptional for a South African farm and their relationship with their staff good.

He said: "I grew up with one of

my workers. We have known each other for 40 years. They have their own cattle and I plough a piece of land for them. I pay them a monthly salary, with a bonus after the harvest.

"I provide electricity and water and 80kg of maize meal a month. Some people think it is strange to pay in food but they prefer it that way."

Mrs Louwrens, a former primary school teacher, said: "When one of their children is hurt, they know to come to me for medical help. When they have marital problems, they come to me and I mediate."

Their "us and them" world is typical of the Afrikaner-dominated Free State, where farm attacks have been most numerous. But the couple insists that the image of the white farmer beating his black labourers is outdated.

"Ninety-nine per cent of farmers have a good relationship with their staff. One of the farmers who was killed in this area had left 100,000 rands (\$16,000) to the old woman who raised him," Mr Louwrens said.

His family settled in South Africa in the 17th century.

Yet the police who arrested five men for the attack on the family believe it was an inside job. "They think one of the women gave infor-

mation about the house. I would like to fire her husband, who still works for me, but under the new labour legislation, I cannot," Mr Louwrens said.

He considers tax strikes an option, but would prefer the introduction of new commando units to police farms, "as long as they also had blacks in the ranks". He would like international pressure to be brought on the government to take action against the attacks.

While the SAUU and the Freedom Front argue that the attacks are politically motivated and possibly organised, Mr Hanekom has come under fire for expressing his view that the majority of farmers supported the apartheid system that created the land problems, which are being rectified only slowly by new legislation.

Mr Hanekom said: "The farmers never threatened to withhold taxes when children were in detention and activists were being poisoned; they never threatened civil action against apartheid. Why suddenly are they threatening civil action?"

But Mr Louwrens, who now carries his Beretta on his hip after dark, was insistent. "I am an Afrikaner and I intend to remain an Afrikaner. I worked for this land and no one is going to take it away."

## Booty hunters dig deep for Marcos gold

Adam Easton in Manila

TWELVE years after the Marcos family fled, the Philippines is in the grip of a gold rush — in the grounds of one of the houses used by the late Ferdinand Marcos and his cronies.

The body set up to find the missing Marcos millions, the Presidential Commission on Good Government (PCGG), claims to have been told that hundreds of tonnes of gold may be buried in a compound in the resort of Baguio City, in northern Luzon. The compound contains mansions used as summer homes by Marcos family associates.

The new PCGG chairman, Felix de Guzman, said the grounds had been sealed off in preparation for digging. He said the PCGG had found evidence of unauthorised excavations at the site. "We have to make sure of the gold's existence by checking our own backyard before looking for it abroad," he said.

No one knows exactly how much wealth the dictator accumulated before he was toppled in 1986, but he is estimated to have fled with about \$10 billion.

The mystery is whether he managed to get his hands on the Yamashita treasure, a Japanese gold hoard looted from southeast Asian countries as the Imperial army advanced across the continent during the second world war. It is supposed to be buried in the Philippines, and it is thought that the overall commander, General Yamashita, was unable to remove it before the country was liberated in 1945.

It is widely believed that Marcos discovered the treasure in the 1960s, and that that is how he managed to accumulate so much wealth so quickly. But in 12 years the PCGG has not found a single nugget. In fact, it has only been able to trace a mere \$560 million in a Swiss bank account to the Marcos family.

Despite this, the hunt for the gold continues. Incoming PCGG heads routinely launch new searches. During Cory Aquino's presidency an American treasure hunter dug up Fort Santiago, the historic Spanish fortress in the heart of Manila. No gold was found.

Senator Franklin Drilon, who headed a committee that investigated claims of an earlier bounty asked: "Why is it that whenever there is a new chairman at the PCGG, he always gets duped into believing that this gold hoard exists?"

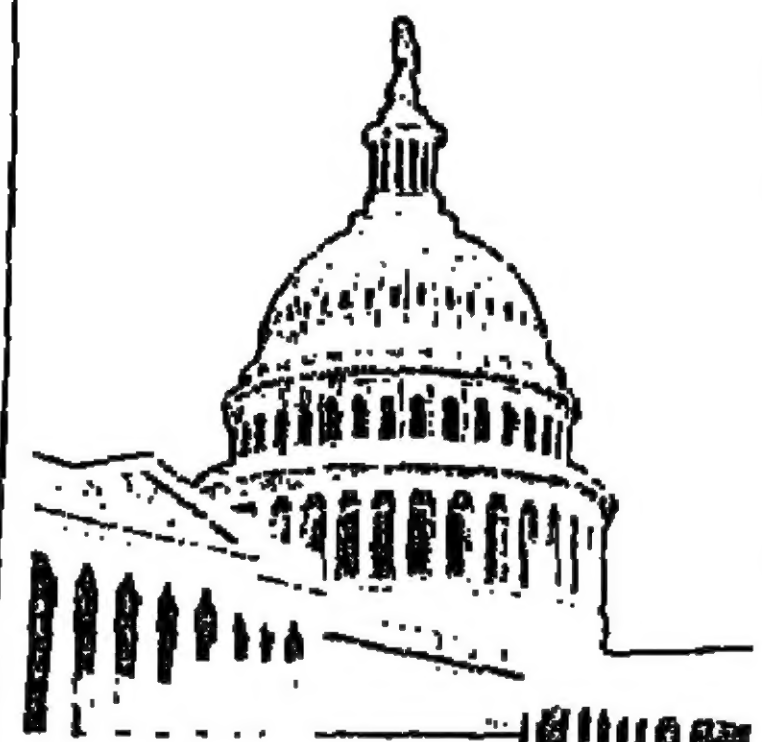
One of the leads the PCGG is checking on is said to be from a Briton who claims to be able to direct the government to the buried gold. "I know their exact whereabouts," he told the PCGG in a recent letter.

Perhaps the key to the latest search could be the fragility of the PCGG itself. The new president, Joseph Estrada, has said he will abolish it within a year unless it turns up some Marcos money or gold soon.

Another factor may be the government's frantic desire to raise funds to prop up the economy, buckling under the weight of the regional currency crisis.

Digging for Yamashita or stashed Marcos gold may be a long shot, but just like its predecessors, the new government cannot see the harm in looking.

## Americans wonder who they can count on



Washington diary  
Gary Younge

IF A census really is a device for holding a mirror up to a nation so that it can seriously examine what it looks like, then the United States must be feeling pretty ugly right now.

The Republicans and Democrats are at loggerheads about how the census for 2000 should be counted. One director of the US census bureau has already quit. The questionaire has not been approved.

Various minorities say that they will be threatened with either being under-represented, unrepresented or misrepresented. The House Speaker, Newt Gingrich, has evoked the wrath of the Founding Fathers. And the president has warned that if he does not get his way he will use his veto. Crunching numbers has never been more painful.

The row over how the census should be conducted is split down party lines. The Clinton administration wants to mix the traditional door-to-door head-count — which is how the census has been conducted in the past — with statistical sampling in order to better account for those people whom the census officers usually miss. Under this plan the bureau would aim to gather information on 90 per cent of the population and then use a mathematical formula to estimate the number and characteristics of the remaining 10 per cent.

Republicans say this is bound to lead to inaccuracies. People will be "invented" and the government pollsters, not science, will really decide who those people are. "That trans-

fers to politicians an amount of power that none of the Founding Fathers would have agreed to," said Gingrich during a debate on the issue in the House of Representatives earlier this month. "Don't ask the people of the United States to rely on politicians to control pollsters to count virtual citizens," he said.

Democrats argue that the way in which the census is conducted at the moment already leads to inaccuracies. The established method of head-counting used in the 1990 census missed about 4 million people, they point out. Most of them were Hispanics, blacks, Asians, American Indians and the rural poor. More than half were children. One report suggests that 12 per cent of American Indians living on reservations were missed. According to this view, given the shortfall of the current system, it would be better to top up the figures gathered by a head count with some calculated guesswork.

"The census is today's great civil rights issue, and once again they are standing against what is right," said House minority leader Richard Gephardt.

But the Democrats have the scientists and financial prudence on their side. Their sampling strategy has the support of both the American Statistical Association and the National Academy of Sciences. Their plan will also cost less money than the full head-count.

Tom Sawyer, a Democrat congressman from Ohio, says it is a modern method for a modernizing country. "Americans are more

mobile than they have ever been. There are fewer people at home during the day. Family make-up is more diverse. The nation has changed and the way we count the nation has to change with it," he says.

But the heart of the matter is not identity, or even accuracy, but politics. The figures the census throws up will be used to allocate billions of federal dollars to various parts of the country. It will also help reapportion House, state, legislative and local districts.

Many of those whom the Democrats say were missed by the last census — the poor, the black and the other ethnic minorities — are more likely to vote Democrat than Republican. President Clinton has already promised the Hispanic caucus and the Democratic caucus that he would veto any egregious legislation relating to the census.

Gerrymandering, not sampling, is what the Democrats are really up to, say the Republicans. Playing politics, not pinpointing people, is the Republicans' game, insist Democrats. Neither side looks inclined to compromise. Therein lies the most accurate snapshot of what the US looks like as it prepares to enter the next millennium.

## Paris hotel lays on Diana death tour

Jon Hanley in Paris

NOT to be outdone by the brief tour of Princess Diana's life on show at the family home of Althorp this summer, a Parisian hotelier has devised what can only be described as a brief tour of her death.

"I am simply responding to demand from my clients," said an unimpressed Emile Caccari, manager of the three-star Odéon hotel on the Left Bank, who plans to offer guests and other tourists the chance to relive Diana's final moments until the 31st anniversary of her death on August 31. "We have a lot of

American visitors, and whenever they leave the hotel in the morning they want to know two things and two things only: where is the Eiffel Tower, and where is the Pont de l'Alma? People want to go there, it's as simple as that."

The tour, starting this week, which will be free for hotel residents and \$25 for others, is by minibus or — for those with more money and a desire for grisly authenticity — in a Mercedes limousine like the one in which Diana died in the Pont de l'Alma underpass last summer.

Mr Caccari insisted last week it was not a money-making exercise. "It's just a new idea for the

package we always offer in August when business is slow," he said. "All the proceeds will be donated to the Diana fund."

The tour will go first to the Al Fayed-owned Ritz Hotel in the Place Vendôme, where Diana and Dodi Fayed dined together before setting off on the fatal journey. It will then follow the couple's route across the Place de la Concorde and alongside the river Seine, where the driver, Henri Paul, drove at high speed in an attempt to shake off a posse of photographers.

After a quick trip through the underpass — past the 13th pillar into which Diana's car

slammed — the bus will stop at the Place de l'Alma, allowing passengers to add their own tribute to the hundreds of bouquets and messages left daily by tourists at her unofficial shrine.

The visit will conclude outside the Pitié-Salpêtrière hospital, where Diana was taken after the accident.

Denis Sergeant of Fox-Trot Tours, which will operate the tour, said: "It will be plain and simple, just a short guided tour that will basically make things easier for people who want to go to these places anyway."

Paris city hall has declined to comment, as have the Ritz hotel and Buckingham Palace. The memorial fund said it would not accept any of the proceeds.

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The Week In Britain James Lewis

## Leftwingers seek to halt Blair's march to centre

THE Prime Minister Tony Blair, who thought he had tamed the Labour party's left wingers once and for all, has discovered that, though fewer in number, they are still very much alive and plan to give their authoritarian leadership a hard time between now and the party conference in October.

The first hints of trouble arose last week when Liz Davies, a left-wing candidate for the National Executive Committee (NEC), complained about plans to allow telephone voting in the ballot for constituency representatives on the committee. She was supported by the left-wing MP, Ken Livingstone, who alleged that changes in the voting system, which could open the door to abuse, had been made without discussion.

Another cause for unease, voiced by the veteran leftwinger, Tony Benn, is that the annual conference will no longer allow motions critical of the leadership. Instead of being a forum for open and democratic debate, he said, the occasion would become like an American political convention in which delegates arrived with balloons, ready to release them when the leader spoke.

Labour's lead in the opinion polls has also slipped, from 25 points last month to 16 points, although this is still 3 points higher than when Labour took office. Membership, too, is down, from its January peak of 405,000 to 394,000.

A large grassroots membership was part of Mr Blair's scheme for curbing the might of the unions and the NEC, and to clip the wings of pressure groups that could be a potential source of embarrassment to the leadership. He was said to want to lead "an organisation of fee-paying moderates rather than grudge-bearing activists".

One of the Prime Minister's advisers was quoted last week as saying that "Tony's real interest is no longer in control of the party but the creation of a national movement outside it". The disdain he often shows for the party, and for his MPs, suggest that there may be some truth in this. But he may find that the rank-and-file still has the ability to exact vengeance.

THE campaign by Prince Charles to regain the public's favour following the death of Diana, Princess of Wales has proved a quiet triumph according to a Guardian/ICM opinion poll, which showed a small majority (54 per cent) of the public saying, for the first time in four years, that he would make a good king.

A solid 28 per cent, however, still remain hostile to the monarchy, and a further 20 per cent of the public are uncertain about the value of the royal family. And in spite of a campaign by Buckingham Palace to "modernise" the monarchy, some 69 per cent of the public still believe that the royals are "out of touch with ordinary people".

Meanwhile more than 2,000 people are expected to march on Buckingham Palace in October in the first significant anti-royal demonstration since rioting over the cost of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The organisers — the Movement Against the Monarchy (or MAM) —

promise a number of stunts, including a home-made guillotine.

FIVE senior tax inspectors stayed in lavish accommodation and gambled in casinos on foreign trips paid for by tax evaders, according to a report by Parliament's financial watchdog, the National Audit Office. Its investigation followed the jailing of an inspector on counts of corruption which included accepting a £22,000 holiday for himself and his wife in Bermuda and New York, and the services of a prostitute paid by an Iraqi oil consultant.

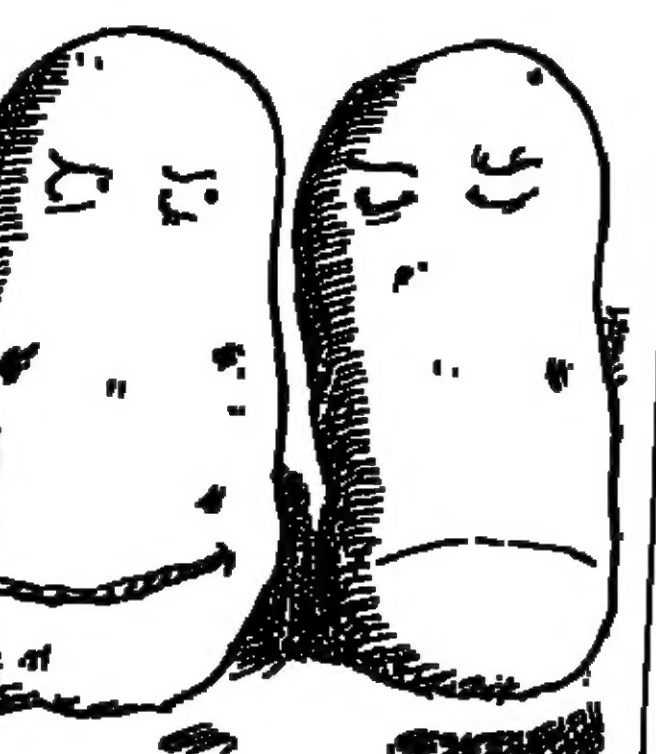
The auditors called for much tougher oversight of future tax investigations, including vetting of tax inspectors' bank accounts. Another report showed that investigators appointed in a £3 million "crackdown" by the Government on organised benefit fraud had produced only one successful prosecution in two years. In that time they spent £110,000 on fitting out new offices and £138,000 on cars for their own private use.

SADLER'S WELLS is to be the first major theatre to introduce a blanket ban on audience smoking, when its new £48 million building opens in north London in October. But the ban doesn't extend backstage after an outcry from performers. "Dancers are among the hardest smokers around," said a spokesman for Rambert Dance Company, the first to perform there. A small room, which has been nicknamed the sin bin, has been set aside so performers can indulge their addiction.

D RARPAD Pusztai, the scientist who last week triggered alarm over the safety of genetically modified potatoes, was suspended from his research job with the Rowett Research Institute in Aberdeen, and told to retire.

His boss, Professor Philip James, said it was tragic to have to suspend a distinguished biologist with a world reputation, but he had spread "misleading information" by confusing the results of two experiments. Opponents of genetically modified foods claimed it was "another step in a long line of stifling research workers from telling us what is going on".

**Austin**  
OUR FIRST STEP MUST BE TO DISCREDIT THESE STORIES.



Two in the hand... A brace of grouse testifies to the shooting skills of a client on a Scottish moor

## Season starts with whimper

Duncan Campbell

MAHARAJAH Duleep Singh bagged a record 220 brace of grouse on the first day of the season at Granddully in Perthshire — but that was in 1871. Last week, a mixture of hunt snobots, foul early summer and the strong wind meant the Glorious Twelfth went off with only a muted bang.

Grouse breeding in the north of England and Scotland was patchy this year because of disease, partly caused by the poor weather. And some regular foreign shooters are absent from the world's only organised grouse shooting areas, perhaps finding the expense too much.

About 450,000 grouse are shot annually on Britain's moors, with shooters spending thousands a week. Beaters earn about £18 daily — half the amount the Savoy hotel in London was charging this week for grouse as a dinner course.

## Debts decide students' degrees

Vivek Chaudhary

THE impact of student debt and tuition fees was revealed last week in a report showing that students are deserting traditional degree subjects in favour of vocational courses.

Tony Higgins, chief executive of the Universities and Colleges Admission Service (Ucas), which produced the report, said figures showed fewer students applying for traditional degree courses, such as the physical sciences, classics and arts, and more for courses in marketing, computer science and software engineering.

Mr Higgins said: "The trend is towards courses that are likely to lead towards better paid jobs and away from jobs such as those in the caring professions. There could be a link between loans and tuition fees and students deciding to opt for vocational courses, which are more likely to lead to employment."

The report also indicated a decline in the numbers of mature

students applying for university places. It showed that the number of students aged under 21 applying for university increased by almost 10 per cent between 1995 and 1997, but the proportion of mature students applying fell by almost 3 per cent over the same period.

Mr Higgins said that the decline in mature students might have been prompted by the introduction of tuition fees and the financial effect it could have on their families. Recent figures have shown that the average student is likely to leave university almost £5,000 in debt.

Meanwhile the annual student survey by the Push university guide says that the average student debt run up in a year has risen to more than £1,700, from £1,400 12 months ago; the worst cases owe up to £12,000 after three years at university. For the first time this year students will also have to pay £1,000-a-year tuition fees.

The National Union of Students said the introduction of fees will accelerate the crisis. "Students are

giving up their courses increasingly for financial reasons," a spokeswoman said. "They just cannot afford it, and the situation is going to get worse. We do not believe students or their parents should have to pay for their tuition."

Students in London were worst off, with an average annual debt of more than £2,000 — more than 30 per cent up on last year.

The Push guide also claims the high drop-out rate at some institutions might be caused by students being encouraged to start courses they do not have the ability to complete. It cites Queen Mary and Westfield College in east London which is said to have a 27 per cent drop-out rate despite one of the lowest debt averages in London, at £850.

The college insists the true rate is 14 per cent when students who take four years to complete a three-year course are taken into account. It also says: "We do a lot of science and engineering courses which are particularly tough, so you would expect some to give up."

## Publishing rivals fight a war of words

A "REVOLUTIONARY" new Oxford dictionary was published last week with a declaration that split infinitives are OK and the phrase "Christian name" is obsolete, writes John Eard.

Joyce Morris, patron of the Queen's English Society, said: "The Oxford University Press is very powerful. If it is going to say this kind of thing, goodness knows what is going to happen to English."

The New Oxford Dictionary of English (£29.99) lists 2,000 new expressions which have become rife in the six years it has taken to produce. Among these are "phwoah" — "appreciation of the opposite sex by the inarticulate" and "blended family" — one "incorporating children from several relationships".

OUP's publishers, announced the dictionary with the slogan "Infinitives should be split". After a new, computerised look at word

archives dating back a century, it says dislike of the habit is based on confusion between the placing of adverbs in Latin and English.

Though "some traditionalists" might call it an error, "in standard English the principle of allowing split infinitives is broadly accepted as normal and useful".

Under the heading "Christian names obsolete", the OUP says the term has largely given way to phrases such as "first name" and "given name" — "in recognition that English-speaking societies have many religions and cultures".

Use of "ie" to include men and women is dismissed as "old-fashioned and sexist", while using "the and she" is "dreadfully long-winded". Instead, the editor, Judy Pearsall, writes that the book has adopted the use of "they" — as in "ask a friend if they could help" — although some call this ungrammatical.

As well as being concerned with political correctness, publishers were locked in a shelf war worth millions of pounds. In a situation without precedent, the three giants — Chambers, Collins and OUP — found themselves due to publish blockbuster dictionaries within the same three weeks.

OUP scooped publicity by being first and for announcing a green light for the split infinitive. An angry Chambers — whose dictionary sanctioned split infinitives in 1993 — rushed forward its publication. This left Collins lagging, with no copies of its Millennium English Dictionary on the streets. The firm, the fastest growing dictionary publisher of the past decade, was hoping to catch up with a champagne launch next month.

All are desperate to get their volumes out before they are lost in the autumn wave of general books.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY  
August 23 1998

## 'I thought the bombing was all over'

Jonathan Freedland  
on the tornado of violence that hit a quiet Ulster town

LIKE every place that has been bombed, Omagh looks like a town torn up by a tornado. Just like Enniskillen, Oklahoma or Sabro before it, a whirlwind has ripped this place apart — peeling the roof off a building like the lid from a sardine can, scattering glass like the rainfall, and cutting through human lives like the most vengeful of hurricanes, claiming 28 souls and injuring 220.

Like every bombed town, Omagh has fallen under a deadly hush. People move quietly, whispering their meetings. No one wants to smile or laugh. Adult men clasp their hands to their foreheads, their faces bowed so no one will see their eyes red from tears. Teenage girls gnaw their fingernails. Omagh was not a town last weekend: it was a funeral.

Like every place whose name has entered the unholiest canon of atrocity — Guildford, Warrington, Brighton — Omagh has seen a procession of dignitaries come to mourn. The words are all so similar, so utterly endless really, that after a while they merge into a blur. It is not their fault no one can say anything. Even the promise of a cross-border security summit sounds like Canute's warriors raging at the waves.

In all this, Omagh is no different from any town visited by the tornado of terrorism. The pictures somewhere look similar to those from Sapa and Tanzania. But for though this is not just another city. The people of this small, remote town have not seen it before. Even if this were not the worst act of violence in the 30-year history of the Troubles — which it is — it would feel like it. Because, this time, it happened to them.

The 28 dead, seven of them children, are their people, their neighbours, their sons, their daughters. The three generations of women from a single family killed last Saturday, one of them just 18 months old, were theirs too. There was no official target for this bomb, no British



Firefighters surround the wreckage of the car bomb that devastated Omagh

army installation, RUC station or paramilitary cell that was in the sights of the murderers. Instead, the bomb hit right where it was placed: at the heart of Omagh.

As Pat McDonnell, an SDLP member of the nationalist-dominated local council, said: "We're all together. This bomb did not discriminate according to how you voted. This is an entire community which has been assaulted."

And that is how it feels. Suddenly everything in this town looks different. Disaster has a grisly knock of making the previously innocuous seem ironic, or cruelly appropriate. How many Omagh residents will now pause as they drive in from Belfast, realising that the first place they see as they come into town is a graveyard? How many will look again at the shop just around the corner from the blast which killed so many children, the shop called Nippers' Corner?

The people of Omagh are also pondering all the tiny, mundane decisions that now seem like fate. How come they were not there at that moment? Sean Loughran could not sleep last Saturday night, constantly thinking about that bomb. He knows Omagh better than anyone, has lived there all his life and runs

the Campsie Bar, just by Market Street. He heard the blast and ran right into the carnage. He was looking for his son, Paul, aged just nine. "I couldn't believe it, I was standing in bodies," he said. A water main had burst and water was gushing everywhere, unleashing rivers of blood: not as metaphor, but as fact. "The bodies were floating past me, but you couldn't even tell that that's what they were," he said, and his voice choked.

He saw arms, legs and so much blood, but still no sign of Paul. He rushed to his home and — thank God Almighty — there was the lad, waiting for him, thinking the very same thing. "Da, I'm here!" the boy said, and as he hugged his son tight, Mr Loughran felt a relief sweeter than he had ever known.

He had believed Omagh would never see such darkness. "I thought the bombing was all over, with the agreement and the assembly and everything."

He was not the only one. The politicians struggled because the old script no longer applied. Gerry Adams did his best, condemning this action, committed by what everyone assumes is a republican splinter group, in language he never applied to the Provisional IRA. "I am

totally horrified by this action. I condemn it without any equivocation," he said. Tony Blair also spoke of how the bombers would not win. "They are not going to destroy the chance of a decent future for people in Northern Ireland."

But neither could deploy the old formula of calling for a peace process. Because Northern Ireland already has one. The war has in effect been ended — and yet a bloody act of war has been committed. No wonder the politicians sound numb and helpless: what more can they do?

The agreement, the referendum, the elections, were all tests of the people's determination to have peace — and the people voted yes, every time. Now Northern Ireland is being tested again.

Will they all unite against the handful of rejectionists who are bent on thwarting the march toward reconciliation? Or will they turn on each other?

But these questions are far from the minds of the townsfolk. They are like the parents asked to identify a son by just a shoe. They are like the pregnant woman who looked on the scene of devastation and clutched her belly, as if fearful that the tornado might strike again.

## Pooh's £50m Garrick Club honeypot tastes not so sweet

John Eard

ANTHONY Butcher QC, chairman of the Garrick Club, was quoted as saying: "We thought we might not get a quorum," he said as 300 members swarmed into the coffee room last week like bees round a honeypot. The club committee had commissioned market research which forecast a minuscule turnout. "It just shows how wrong market research can be."

This was bigger than anything in the London club's 167-year history — a £50 million bonanza from the sale to Disney of a slice of Winnie the Pooh copyright bequeathed to it by the author AA Milne.

And the hope for many Garrick men was a £39,000 windfall for each of the 1,300 members — mostly lawyers, actors, publishers and jour-

nalists and sometimes by crutch to the Fortune Theatre.

It was only there that members learned from Mr Butcher just how wrong rank-and-file dreams can be. After tax, lawyers' fees, a new charitable trust and proposed club endowments had taken their cut, the £50 million bonanza was whittled down to £12 million. This would yield £10,000 per member. The club will spend the next few months in frantic consultation about whether what one resolution joyously called "a distribution of assets" should be made.

Most speakers avoided the topic of cash in hand. But a longstanding Garrick member said afterwards: "The unspoken agenda of the whole meeting was, 'What's in it for me?'"

For other members a consolation was that part of the £8 million earmarked for charity is expected to be spent on the Garrick's main objectives. These are "literary, dramatic, social — and convivial". So there may at least be a few drinks in it.

## Atomic plant fined for plutonium contamination

Stuart Millar

THE Government's atomic weapons factory was this week fined £22,000 after an accident in which two workers were contaminated with plutonium.

James Birch and Martin Tolson inhaled radioactive particles as they inspected cleaning work on redundant equipment at the Atomic Weapons Establishment at Aldermaston, Berkshire.

Radiation levels in the laboratory were reported to be so high after the incident that Health and Safety Executive officials were unable to carry out an inspection for more than two months.

AWE plc, the parent company, and Hunting Brae Ltd, the site licensee, admitted liability for the accident on December 15 last year, which prompted the first HSE prosecution against Aldermaston for a leak of radioactive plutonium. The lethal element provides a nuclear weapon's explosive core.

AWE plc admitted failure to ensure the health and safety of its employees and was fined £14,000 with £3,750 costs by magistrates in Newbury.

Site licensee Hunting Brae Ltd admitted failing to ensure the work was carried out under the control of suitably qualified personnel, and a separate charge of undertaking ionising radiation work without the necessary steps being taken to restrict exposure of the two workers to ionising radiation. It was fined £4,000 for each charge with £3,750 costs.

After the hearing, Peter O'Connor, an HSE spokesman, said: "We wanted a conviction and we got one, so we are naturally satisfied. The prosecution and the penalties reflect the seriousness of the incident, and we hope that the case serves as a lesson to other companies."

The HSE accepted that neither man's health had been seriously affected as they had each inhaled less than a tenth of the exposure limit.

### In Brief

**WOMEN'S** groups condemned a ruling that allowed Anthony Buratow — the first stalker prosecuted for inflicting grievous bodily harm on his victim without touching her — to walk free from court, despite allegedly harassing his victim within six months of his release from jail.

**HYPNOTIST** Paul McKenna successfully defended an action brought by Christopher Gates, one of his stage show volunteers, who claimed the experience transformed him into an aggressive schizophrenic.

**MURIEL** Jakubait, sister of Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged in Britain, is hoping new evidence may pave the way for the murder conviction to be downgraded to manslaughter.

**RAINY** pictures that appear to show human remains in the 24-year-old wreck of the Gaul, the trawler whose fate has been bedeviled by allegations of spying, were transmitted to a government survey ship from cameras deep in Arctic waters.

**THOMAS** GILMOUR, aged 23, has been charged with murdering three brothers in last month's firebomb attack on a house in Ballymoney, Co Antrim.

**THE** rogue futures trader Nick Leeson, diagnosed with cancer of the colon, will not need chemotherapy after a successful operation to remove a tumour. He is serving a 6½-year sentence in Singapore for fraud.

**VICTORIA** AITKEN, the 18-year-old daughter of the former Cabinet minister Jonathan Aitken, will not be prosecuted for perjury or perverting the course of justice.

**WILDLIFE** in the New Forest faced further danger after a 1,000 mink were released from the fur farm where some 8,000 were set free earlier this month.

**THE** actor Sir Anthony Hopkins has given £1 million to the National Trust towards a £3 million appeal to buy Snowdonia for the nation.

**THE** world's first triple transplant patient, Davina Thompson, has died at the age of 47, 12 years after she was given a new heart, lungs and liver.

**MIKE** WATKINS, one of the army's leading bomb disposal experts, was killed during an operation to locate and clear unexploded charges from first world war tunnels in France.

**GENERAL** Sir Harry Tuzo, the commanding officer in Northern Ireland in 1971 who went on to become Nato's deputy supreme commander, has died at the age of 80.

John Eard



## Cook aims to curb power of Brussels

Ewen MacAskill

**T**HE FOREIGN Secretary, Robin Cook, proposed a radical departure in European policy last week: the creation of a second chamber in Europe, made up of MPs from Westminster and other national parliaments, to curb the power of Brussels.

In what would amount to the biggest recasting of European policy since Labour came to power last year, the second chamber would sit through decisions made in Brussels and block any that meddle in the minutiae of national life. Mr Cook would like to see an end to Brussels issuing directives that impinge on daily life and instead restrict it to setting standards.

The proposal, which will reignite the European debate, is close in sentiment to ideas put forward by the Conservatives for reducing the power of Brussels.

But although Mr Cook has often been portrayed as one of Labour's leading Eurosceptics, he considers himself a pro-European and believes the proposals come from a pro-European standpoint. The Eurosceptic tag was attached to him because he opposed joining up to the single currency early, but he insisted this was on economic grounds rather than principle. His proposal for a second chamber was cleared by Downing Street before Tony Blair went on holiday, and it is likely to be put to a summit of European leaders in Vienna in October.

The second chamber is aimed at involving MPs at Westminster directly in the running of the European Union. "We don't want the Union to fail. We would suffer. Our

parliament, therefore, needs to be part of the project rather than outside of it," he said.

The Foreign Secretary, whose first year in office has been overshadowed by his personal life and by rows over India, Israel and Sierra Leone, has not been as visible on Europe as the Prime Minister and the Chancellor, Gordon Brown. Having found a breathing space, he has taken up a request from Mr Blair to rethink European policy. His new ideas will act as a counterweight to those fearful of increased European integration and federalism, especially when Britain, as is now almost certain, joins the single currency.

Mr Cook said: "The European Parliament does a very useful job but the missing link is tying the national parliaments with the work of Europe. At the moment, there is not an adequate basis for representation from the national parliaments to come together to discuss Europe, and somewhere within the broad family of European institutions there should be room for that."

"If we do want Europe to thrive, if we do want popular support for Europe, we must develop some way to link the parliaments of the member states."

The proposal will not find a welcome with all Labour MPs and Euro-MPs, some of whom will be dismayed at the prospect of another tier of government.

The Foreign Office is to hold a meeting to thrash out ideas later this month with senior diplomats. Mr Cook would like a code to spell out what are the responsibilities of Europe and what are the responsibilities of nation-states.



## Unemployment figures lift economic gloom

Mark Atkinson and Ewen MacAskill

**T**HE Government went on the offensive last week after a hat-trick of good news on the economy helped to dispel some of the gloom induced by a series of high-profile job losses in industry which were blamed on the strong pound.

Following redundancies in recent weeks at leading companies, including Siemens, Rover and BOC, the industrial gases group, official figures showed a sharp drop in economy-wide unemployment in July and an easing in the rate of earnings growth, one of the key barometers of inflation.

At the same time, the Bank of England's powerful monetary policy committee (MPC), which controls

interest rates, predicted the Government was likely to hit its 2.5 per cent inflation target.

The employment minister, Andrew Smith, seized on the pay and jobless figures, saying they were a big setback for the "doom and gloom merchants".

Stephen Byers, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, said: "[The] news shows that we are on course to achieve economic stability."

But the dangers of celebrating prematurely were immediately highlighted by fresh news of job losses at the Korean-owned Halla, maker of fork-lift trucks and excavators in Merthyr Tydfil, which were blamed on the deepening Asian economic crisis.

The MPC also admitted for the first time that, although inflation

appeared to be under control, there was a one in eight chance of recession. "The balance of risks to output is on the downside," said the MPC, citing continuing concerns about the world economy.

The Trades Union Congress general secretary, John Monks, warned: "As job losses begin to pile up in manufacturing, unemployment will start to rise by the end of this year."

According to the Office for National Statistics, the claimant count fell by 26,000 last month to stand at 1,335,100, while the Government preferred International Labour Organisation method of measuring unemployment, which includes people not eligible for benefit, fell by 62,000 in the three months to June to a record low of 1,802,000.

## Government opts against ageism legislation

**T**HE Government has shied away from legislating against age discrimination in the workplace, opting instead for a voluntary code, writes Ewen MacAskill.

The Employment Minister, Andrew Smith, last week defended the approach, but John Monks, general secretary of the Trades Union Congress, predicted a voluntary code would be "largely ineffective".

Mr Smith said: "By 2006 more than 25 per cent of the workforce will be aged 50 or over. Employers and the wider community cannot afford to discriminate unfairly on the grounds of age."

He added that the Government could not tackle the problem on its own but would have to work with employees and interest groups. His

department will publish a non-statutory code of practice in the autumn, to come into force next year.

The Liberal Democrat industry spokesman, David Chidgey, accused the Government of going back on a "clear promise" Labour made in opposition to legislate against age discrimination. Labour before the general election hinted at tough action but made no manifesto commitment to legislate.

Mr Smith, aged 47, said the code could become a "soft law" and be taken into account at industrial tribunals. He said the Government had not ruled out the possibility of legislation, but he believed the code was an "early and positive way forward".

He said: "There are some trail-blazing firms like B&Q which have

recognised very positively the benefits to their operations, to their customers, as well as the benefits to employees, of actually having an age-diverse workforce — older workers."

Mr Monks welcomed the recognition that discriminating on grounds of age was unacceptable, but added: "We are disappointed that the Government has not gone all the way in making ageism at work unlawful. We are particularly concerned that a voluntary code will be largely ineffective in the area of recruitment."

Up to half the staff of Domino's, a pizza delivery company, are aged 50 or more. Its finance director, Stephen Hensley, said: "We find that older people are reliable, efficient and courteous."

## Obscenity law is an ass, says outgoing film censor

Luke Harding

**T**HE chief film censor, James Ferman, last week launched a sustained attack on Britain's confused obscenity laws, warning that the problem of pornography "will not go away".

In his last annual report Mr Ferman, the outgoing director of the British Board of Film Classification, called for the legalisation of explicit pornography. No film should be "treated with taboo", he added.

Mr Ferman, aged 68, denied his parting shot was directed at the Home Secretary, Jack Straw, who gave the censor a dressing down last November when he relaxed rules governing pornographic videos. Ministers accused him of failing to consult and described the move as "unacceptable".

The board was forced to return to its previous policy of refusing "R18" certificates to some videos with graphic sex scenes. "Pornography will once again be swept under the carpet where, in the name of the law, it will be mixed up with violence and degradation," Mr Ferman wrote. "The law may be an ass, but it is the board's job to uphold it, even in the face of astonished disbelief from the rest of the world."

Mr Ferman, who leaves in December after 23 years as a board

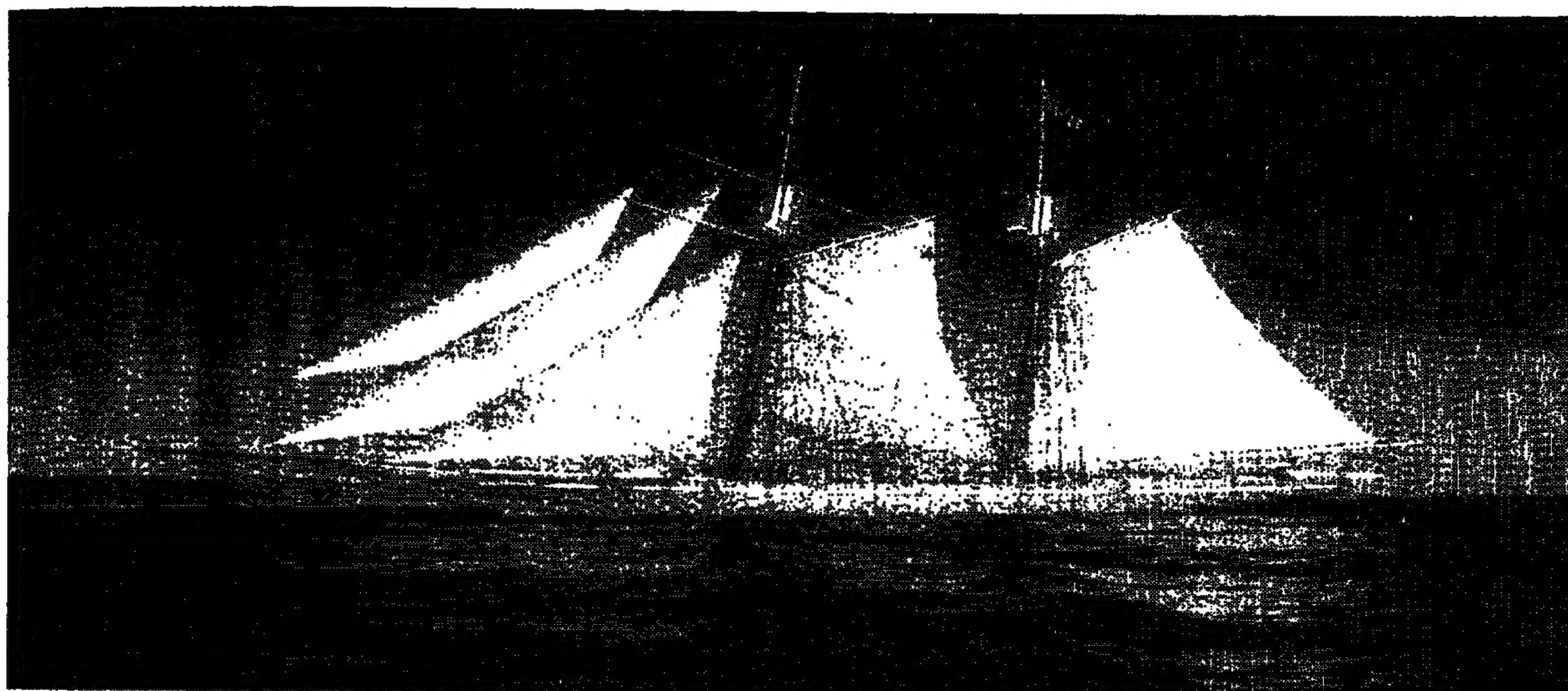
director, said restrictions on "conventional" pornography had created a flourishing black market in which pornography and obscenity were mixed. "The more you try to ban it, the more it grows," he said.

Pro-censorship groups last week condemned Mr Ferman's claim that the only way to regulate pornography was to legalise it. John Beyer, of the National Viewers and Listeners Association founded by Mary Whitehouse, called for "an effective law" to deal with pornography and uncensored sex shops. The Association of Chief Police Officers said it welcomed a review of legislation, but cautioned against "too liberal" a line. "The legal position is unclear and makes effective enforcement difficult," its spokesman admitted.

In his report, Mr Ferman conceded there had been heated debate last year about his role after certificates were granted to the films *Lolita*, *Cranii*, and *Kluge*, the latter depicting necrophilia. "Despite public concern about their potential to corrupt viewers, all were classified '18', suitable for adult viewing, and public complaint evaporated once they had been released," he noted.

Looking back on his career, Mr Ferman said he was pleased to have "got rid of rape as entertainment" and to have "successfully kept the lid on screen violence".

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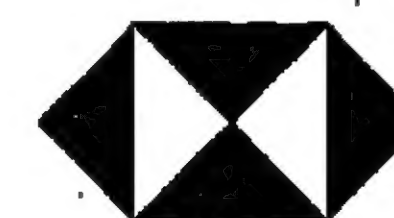
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| 3. Do you have PROPERTY IN THE UK?              | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Do you have any INVESTMENTS IN THE UK?       | YES <input type="checkbox"/> | NO <input type="checkbox"/> |

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## Devaluation may destroy Yeltsin's legacy

Tom Whitehouse in Moscow and Mark Atkinson

**P**RESIDENT Boris Yeltsin was this week facing the destruction of the two lone achievements of his seven-year rule — a strong currency and low inflation — amid Russia's most serious financial crisis of the post-Soviet era.

Despite Mr Yeltsin's assurance last week that "there will be no devaluation — that's firm and definite", the rouble was allowed to fall by up to 20 per cent on Monday, ridiculing his claim to have the crisis under his control.

A three-month moratorium was declared on repayments of Russia's \$140 billion foreign debt to max-

imize the central bank's dollar reserves for a prolonged defence of the rouble.

The International Monetary Fund's top negotiator for Russia, John Odling-Smee, arrived in Moscow on Monday for talks with Russian officials.

There was speculation that a new rescue package would be hammered out among the Group of Seven leading industrialised countries, which are keeping in constant contact about developments on fragile world financial markets.

But there are fears that the country cannot avoid an Indonesian-style breakdown. "This is the beginning of something much bigger," said the Moscow-based vice-president of

a leading Western bank. "The IMF doesn't have the money Russia needs to prevent this — we're talking about \$50 billion. The G7 has to come in, but there are big obstacles to overcome before it provides a bail-out on that scale."

Mr Yeltsin was uncharacteristically silent throughout the day, leaving a shaken prime minister, Sergei Kiriyenko, to explain the U-turn in policy. Mr Kiriyenko insisted that technically the rouble had not been devalued — the corridor within which it is allowed to trade with the dollar had merely been widened.

But this nuance was lost on ordinary Russians who queued outside banks across the country in the forlorn hope of trading their savings

for dollars. Even at the top of its new band — 94 roubles to the dollar, roughly 30 per cent higher than last week — most banks and exchange bureaux in Moscow ran out of dollars.

Prices of staple goods, most of which are imported, were raised on supermarket shelves shortly after the devaluation. There is grave doubt whether the millions of state workers, miners, teachers and doctors, who have not received their wages for months, are able to suffer a further squeeze on their meagre living standards.

● The Japanese finance minister Eisuke Sakakibara — known as Mr Yen for his ability to manipulate the foreign exchange markets — said that his country is on the verge of taking action to support the inexorable slide of the yen.

## In Brief

**B**ITISH Petroleum propelled itself into the super league of the oil and chemicals industry by taking over American rival Amoco in an agreed \$105 billion deal. If cleared by European Union competition authorities, the new company will become Britain's largest with a market value greater than the national output of Portugal.

**I**NDONESIA started to reschedule its enormous debt mountain by suspending repayment of \$1.2 billion of loans while denying that this constituted a default. It said the measure had been agreed with the International Monetary Fund.

**T**HE UK government hit out at utility directors after figures were released showing that their average pay rise last year was 18 per cent and in some cases more than 40 per cent.

**P**RUDENTIAL sold its insurance operations in Australia and New Zealand for \$800 million, prompting speculation that the UK's biggest insurance company is building up a war chest to make a major acquisition closer to home.

**D**IAMOND sales fell by 35 per cent in the first six months of this year, according to figures from De Beers. A collapse in demand from Japan — which before the crash accounted with the US for two-thirds of diamond jewellery sales — was to blame, it said.

**S**HARES in Virgin Express, Richard Branson's low-cost airline, fell to a record low after it issued a profits warning. The company was floated last year in Brussels and on the Nasdaq exchange in New York.

**R**OLLS-ROYCE has secured a \$360 million order from American Airlines to supply its Boeing 767 aircraft. It is already contracted to supply AA's initial batch of 19 Boeing 777s, starting in January.

## FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Starting rate August 17	Starting rate August 18
Australia	2.7268-2.7308	2.7288-2.7321
Austria	20.39-20.40	20.72-20.74
Belgium	59.71-59.82	59.81-59.90
Canada	2.4628-2.4650	2.4786-2.4798
Denmark	11.05-11.04	11.05-11.06
France	9.71-9.72	9.732-9.743
Germany	2.9981-2.9995	2.9926-2.9935
Hong Kong	12.52-12.53	12.53-12.61
Ireland	1.1542-1.1568	1.1540-1.1563
Italy	2.859-2.861	2.864-2.866
Japan	235.81-236.90	239.01-239.66
Netherlands	3.2882-3.2714	3.2733-3.2768
New Zealand	3.2106-3.2169	3.2082-3.2147
Norway	12.33-12.34	12.35-12.40
Portugal	265.48-266.97	265.85-267.19
Spain	245.87-246.09	246.32-246.57
Sweden	13.20-13.22	13.18-13.20
Switzerland	2.4290-2.4320	2.4375-2.4408
USA	1.8189-1.8198	1.8318-1.8324
ECU	1.4989-1.4717	1.4722-1.4740

FTSE100 share index down 150.4 at 5474.4. FTSE 100 index closed 195.1 at 5193.4. Gold down \$1.00 at 359.00.

Mark Milner and James Meek in Moscow reflect on Russian prospects of preventing financial collapse

## Kremlin's cure is merely a placebo

**T**HE RUSSIANS have clearly borrowed the European Union's script for avoiding the "D" word. As in 1993, when the fluctuation bands of the exchange rate mechanism were widened to 15 per cent either side of a central rate, so Moscow has decided it has not devalued the rouble — simply widened the band it can trade in.

The markets were not impressed by such a transparent device. The rouble has plummeted, and Russia's voters will be equally dismissive of the semantic cover behind which the Kremlin and the Russian central bank are trying to hide their blunders.

Now that the rouble has fallen off the wall, however, the question is whether the king's men — Boris Yeltsin and his advisers, the International Monetary Fund and the Group of Seven industrialised countries — will be able to put Humpty Dumpty back together again.

The immediate prospects do not look promising. Devaluation, suspending debt repayments, restricting capital flows are, at best, palliatives. They will not suddenly make corporate Russia into a virtuous collective demanding to pay its taxes. Russian companies will not be able to launch an export drive to reverse the balance of payments on the back of a newly competitive exchange rate. Instead they will find trade finance even trickier.

Nor will devaluation strengthen the failing banking system. Russia's banks will find it harder and more expensive to raise the funds needed to meet foreign currency obligations. They will find queues outside their branches as anxious citizens rush to withdraw their savings before the roof caves in.

Western economists will doubtless applaud such "restructuring". Russia, they will say, needs a system where banks are more interested in assessing risk than in lending to their cronies.

True enough. But that will not be the spin imparted by those looking to succeed Mr Yeltsin. They will protest that Russia's woes are the result of economic incompetence in the Kremlin and the activities of international financiers. The implication will be that, given the right men at the top (or men of the right

at the top) Russia would be able to take its rightful place in the world and not have to rely on strings-attached hand-outs from the IMF.

The message will get a ready audience among those whose savings are devalued or disappear with bust banks; and among those whose already miserable wages or pensions will be less than before.

Cut it how you will, Russia is in for a bumpy political and economic ride. Nor is it standing in isolation. Germany's banks, the biggest lenders to Russia, may have made heavy provision against their exposure — in the case of Commerzbank provisions are running at 60 per cent — but the fall-out from the Russian crisis will still be felt abroad. Coupled with the Asian collapse, it is likely to dent the global economic outlook.

The combination of Russian rouble roulette and the Asian contagion presents the greatest danger.

It is little more than 12 months since the devaluation of the Thai baht sparked the meltdown in Southeast Asia that later spread to other parts of the region, most dangerously to Japan and South Korea. Though a new crisis has begun, the old one is far from over: the speculators are still pecking away at the peg between the Hong Kong and US dollars. And European companies are beginning to complain, with mounting stridency, about dumping from Asia on the EU doorstep.

A couple of points to note. One beneficial effect of the Asian crisis has been to make US policy-makers reluctant to raise interest rates. Without events in Asia it is a fair bet that US rates (and most others) would be higher than they are today. But those lower rates are being paid for by a level of turbulence. The events in Russia can only add to that increasing feeling of insecurity. How long will it be before some of the funds which have poured into equities, seemingly without check, start looking for safe havens in the bond markets?

The second point is the effect the events of the last year will have on the citizens of those countries where the economies have been blasted apart. Economic advisers from the West will have a simple message. Reform, deregulate, open



Numbers up? A Moscow exchange office employee changes rates on display in the Russian capital on Monday. PHOTOGRAPH: MIKHAIL METZEL

up your markets even more. Let global capitalism pour in.

Eventually that might happen. But those who have suffered the consequences most directly may be inclined to cavil. Economic liberalism and the political liberalism with which it is closely associated are fine things. But there will be those — from Tokyo to Moscow, via Seoul, Jakarta and Bangkok — who will see it all another way. They will wonder whether the cure was worse than the illness.

George Soros's letter to the Financial Times last week, urging Russian devaluation, may have been one of the factors in bringing it about. But his earlier stricture, that too much untrammelled capitalism could tarnish the ideal of the open society, is just as sharp as his recent analysis of the need to devalue the rouble. Let us hope his concerns about the former are not so swiftly translated into actuality as the latter.

**H**OW did Russia reach this low so fast? It was only a month ago that Moscow trumpeted agreement with the IMF, the World Bank and Japan for a juicy new two-year, \$22.6 billion loan to support the rouble.

Mr Yeltsin's friends in the Group of Seven leading industrial nations were well aware that the rouble had been put under pressure by the Asian-provoked collapse in oil prices and the flight by Western investors from emerging markets. They accepted the plaintive argument of Yeltsin's ministers that, if the rouble crashed in value, the sole economic achievements of his rule would be smashed, and the Yeltsin regime could be smashed along with it.

The country which makes Russians most uncomfortable is Poland. The early wave of Western reformers who trickled into Russia, such as Jeffrey Sachs, were inspired by Polish acceptance of the Thatcherite approach, and expected the same thing to happen in what they saw as "liberalised" Russia. It did not. While the Poles, liberated from Russia, had a patriotic desire to emulate the West, who were the Russians to be liberated from? Themselves?

They came up with the money. Yet the very emergency the loan package was supposed to avert has come about.

The IMF thought that by offering fresh credit it would give investors the confidence to buy new bonds, at lower interest rates, which Moscow could use to redeem the old ones and still have money left to run the country. But according to Soros, the IMF ignored one key detail: Russian banks had not bought government bonds with their own money. In order to speculate on what was once a wildly profitable market, they had borrowed from each other. Far from buying new bonds at low interest rates, they have been trying to sell the old ones at any price in order to pay off their mutual debts.

Russia's neighbours offer no clear example to follow. Ukraine's President Leonid Kuchma has been more cautious over reform than Yeltsin, privatising little, blocking foreign investors — but Kiev is, if anything, in a worse economic bind than Moscow. In Belarus, President Alexander Lukashenko has followed the kind of neo-Soviet policies Russia's Communists would like to have seen in place, and Belarus's currency is now almost worthless.

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## The Washington Post

## Talking Tough Is No Longer Enough

COMMENT  
Jim Hoagland

**A**S PRESIDENT Clinton moves into a politically decisive week at home, his hopes that soft power would tame the post-Cold War world are also under strong challenge around the globe.

Foreign policy has played an important if unspotlighted role in sustaining the high popularity ratings that have been vital to Clinton as he battles Kenneth Starr's investigation of the Lewinsky allegations.

The Clinton presidency has been blessed with a relatively peaceful international environment. Clinton has infrequently used or even threatened to use force in protecting U.S. interests abroad, and Americans like him for that.

And the president, his aides and his foreign allies have often emphasized Clinton's skills in using "diplomacy backed by force" to settle international conflict.

That phrase has echoed through the administration's descriptions of how it handled problems as diverse as North Korea's effort to develop a nuclear arsenal, the dismantling of Haiti's junta, China's missile threats against Taiwan and Iraq's hiding of biological and chemical weapons. Clinton spokesmen have claimed this particular form of soft power as a trademark of this presidency.

But the terror bombings of U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania, Saddam Hussein's breaking off U.N. arms inspections once again and the bloody pursuit by Slobodan Milosevic of continued Serb rule over Kosovo have demonstrated in recent weeks that often, brutal forms of power still count in world politics and will not be deterred by threats alone.

Clinton deserves praise, and popularity, for avoiding fighting where it was not necessary and minimizing violence where it was. His Vietnamese wariness of the military has in some cases paid dividends.

But his administration can be faulted for making foreign policy look too easy by vaunting diplomacy backed by the threat of force so relentlessly. The American public has been left with the impression that the Iraqis, or the Serbs, or the other troublemakers of the moment, are

almost certain to back down when the threat of overwhelming American power is delivered.

Examine the statements of U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan last February after he talked Saddam into resuming (the now suspended) arms inspections, and Clinton's welcome of that agreement, and the logic behind that impression emerges.

Two enormous problems result from such high visibility reliance on the threat of force as the first line of diplomacy: It underestimates the force of the irrational in international politics. Saddam for one has shown that he cares nothing about the survival of his country if it is not directly linked to his survival as ruler. An Iraq that does not live up to his vision deserves to perish.

Milosevic is more calculating. But his calculation of Kosovo's importance to Serbia is different from that of any outsiders. He would not doubt absorb more punishment than this American president would deem logical or bearable and still fight on for Kosovo.

The Iraqi and Yugoslav dictators also illustrate the second, increasingly apparent shortcoming of making threat-based diplomacy the biggest arrow in the quiver: Clinton's threats have become less credible as he has become more distracted and embattled at home.

Saddam's decision to give Annan a temporary diplomatic victory in February was a tactical move. This summer the Iraqi decided that he did not in fact risk American retaliation for breaking off U.N. inspections, and the administration has publicly and ill-advisedly confirmed that.

The repeated warnings that NATO is going to get serious militarily in Kosovo have had the same effect. Milosevic is able to calibrate the bloodshed he inflicts to stay below the high threshold of U.S. threat turning to actual force.

These developments send a clear message: Leadership in foreign affairs is not easy. The American people cannot assume that threats backed up by hope work for very long. And they cannot let themselves be lulled into thinking that threats will relieve them of the obligation of protecting global stability with sacrifice when their interests are threatened.

## Deceitful Diplomacy Must Be Exposed

## EDITORIAL

**F**ROM the start last February there was reason to fear that U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan's deal with Saddam Hussein was nothing but a charade. Saddam Hussein would pretend to let U.N. inspectors do their job, and U.N. inspectors would go through the motions. Shocked by cumbersome new rules, and without the benefit of military pressure, they would find nothing. This arrangement would allow the United States to disassemble its armada in the

Persian Gulf without embarrassment. It would also allow Saddam Hussein to maintain his capability to field biological, chemical and nuclear weapons.

But likewise from the very start, the Clinton administration roundly dismissed such suspicions, insisting instead that U.N. inspectors would now be better placed than ever to do their work. So it is doubly shocking to learn that the Clinton administration may have been not only an accomplice in the creation of a charade but, offstage, a leading player — in a role that, given its duplicity, would make the



Mourners at the memorial service for those killed in the Nairobi blast. PHOTOGRAPH: JEAN-MARC BOUJOU

## Kenyans Forget Their Tribal Divisions

Stephen Buckley in Nairobi

**M**INUTES after the explosion devastated the U.S. Embassy and neighboring buildings earlier this month, thousands of Kenyans scrambled to the scene, desperately clambering over wreckage to extract the living and the dead.

Within the hour, community groups across Nairobi hustled to organize themselves to gather aid for hospitals — food, mattresses, blankets and critical medical supplies.

That evening thousands of Kenyans clogged hospitals, waiting for hours to donate much-needed blood. "This bombing enabled many groups to get together in a way that is unprecedented," said Alnashir Visram, a Kenyan of Indian descent who heads the local Aga Khan Council, made up of followers of the Muslim leader. "The people's sympathy transcended race, tribe, creed, ideology. . . . Everyone is hoping this becomes a permanent feature of this society."

In a country long battered by ethnic strife, the cooperation among its people since the bomb blast has startled even Kenyans. For a week anyway, tribal and racial animus was overwhelmed by national horror and concern for the 247 killed and 5,000 or so injured in the explosion.

Many observers here said this nation has not come together like this since the day Jomo Kenyatta, Kenya's first post-independence

president, died in 1978. The country then defied predictions of chaos by remaining calm and allowing a smooth transition for then-Vice President Daniel arap Moi.

This time the tone was set moments after the bombing, when ordinary Kenyans rushed past ill-equipped and disorganized military and police to save those trapped in a mountainous mangle of concrete and steel.

Mwangi Ngali, 24, heard the blast at his workplace three miles away. He dashed to a hospital near downtown, then took a bus that dropped him near the bomb scene. After grabbing a pair of white latex gloves from an ambulance, he ignored a police officer's orders and joined the crowd to search for bodies.

Yet rescue efforts by ordinary Kenyans have not overshadowed others' quieter contributions. Hospitals across the city saw lines of blood donors snake through their buildings the night of the August 7 blast.

Neighborhoods and churches and schools gathered to give blood. "I had to wait for three hours" to donate, said Kabando wa Kabando, 30, a policy researcher.

Many Kenyans said the response of the nation's Indians, known here as Asians, was especially heartening. Many Asians, who came to East Africa when Britain was a regional colonial power, are second- and third-generation Kenyans but are often seen as outsiders.

ing out their mission encumbered by large entourages of diplomats and Iraqi officials — as long as they had no chance of success, in other words — the administration had "no complaints. But when the U.N. team proposed taking action that might actually uncover evidence of Saddam Hussein's illicit weapons programs, the administration urged it to desist. And all the while the administration presented itself publicly as the champion of aggressive inspections.

What could account for such deceit? Maybe the administration truly believed the inspectors would be more successful if they remained, for a longer time,

Asians, who make up less than 5 percent of the population but who dominate the business class, have usually supported Moi's regime and are known for paying lower-than-average wages. Just before last December's presidential election, thousands of Indians, expecting violence, prepared to flee to Britain, or send away their loved ones. A large percentage, no one knows precisely, reportedly held British passports.

But when the bomb exploded, such divisions faded. Visram's Aga Khan Council immediately put out a call for food, medical supplies, anything that might help. By that evening, people had flooded the group with bread, milk, fruits, vegetables, mineral water, blankets, mattresses, bandages, disposable syringes; all told, 12 tons of food and medical supplies.

The question now is, How long will this last? President Moi and opposition leaders visited the bombing scene together last week. But voters wonder whether that political cooperation will extend to the rest of this fractious country's numerous problems — poverty, official corruption, unsafe roads, and ethnic tensions.

But for now, Kabando said, Kenyans are simply surprised and pleased with their response to this crisis. He said that Kenyans have learned that, "given a chance, the people can be leaders, in times of disaster, in times of tragedy."

more circumspect. Maybe, less charitably, the administration just didn't want to face the consequences of an active U.N. search; maybe if more evidence of nuclear, biological or chemical weapons were found, the requisite response would be just too difficult, politically, diplomatically and militarily.

We can only speculate; administration officials so far have provided nothing but unhelpful non-denial denials, acknowledging "consultations" with U.N. inspectors but saying they never issued explicit orders.

If ever a foreign policy matter called for congressional inquiry, it is this alleged practice of deceitful diplomacy.







## Queen Vixen

Steven Moore

MARY BUTTS  
Scenes from the Life  
By Nathalie Blondel  
McPherson and Co. 566pp., \$35

THE period between the two world wars produced a number of intriguing British and American women writers who never achieved the acclaim they deserved. *Mary Butts* eventually won a measure of posthumous fame, but too few readers today know about Olive Moore, Emily Holmes Coleman, Minna Lay, or Anna Kavan, all of whom published brilliant novels. These were unconventional, "difficult" women. They wrote about independence and madness, took drugs or indulged in other illicit behavior, and thumbed their noses at convention, both literary and domestic. Mary Butts could be the poster girl for this lost generation of vixens.

Don't be surprised if you haven't heard of her. Despite McPherson and Company's valiant reprint series — they've reissued all her books over the last seven years, and plan to bring out previously unpublished work — she is little more than a name even to most well-read people, and her books not easy to find.



In the first biography to be written about Butts, Nathalie Blondel (a professor at the University of the West of England) makes a strong case for Butts's importance, not only to the Modernist movement earlier this century but to many of today's feminist and environmental concerns. She achieves this by underscoring Butts's devotion to writing all her life, even when she was carrying on more like a rock star than a serious artist. Drugs, lesbianism, alcohol, witchcraft — she did it all, but in the service of her craft.

Mary Butts was born in 1890 into an aristocratic family living in Dorset, a charmed existence that was the subject of her posthumously published memoir, *The Crystal Cabinet*. She loved country life, but the charm wore off after her father died when she was 14. From that time on she had an acrimonious relationship with her mother.

Butts moved to London during World War I and worked for an organization that supported conscientious objectors, one of whom, future publisher John Rodker, became her first husband. By that time she was already at work on her first novel, *Ashe Of Kings*.

Together, Butts and Rodker became part of the Bloomsbury world — Wyndham Lewis painted her portrait, Pound and Eliot became her friends, as did eventually everybody

who was anybody during that era — and her stories began appearing in the best little magazines. Her first book of stories appeared in 1923, her first novel in 1925 and a second novel in 1928. The critics were impressed, though a bit baffled by her unusual style.

But her personal life was less orderly. She and Rodker began drifting apart, but not before having a daughter, in whom Butts took little interest. She began experimenting with drugs and remained an addict all her life. She had a strong interest in the occult and was a firm believer in astral journeys, telepathy, the fourth dimension, and other non-rational beliefs. (She eventually reverted to the Anglo-Catholicism of

her childhood.) Despite her aristocratic background, she was frequently poor.

Her dissipated lifestyle took a turn for the better when she moved to Cornwall in 1930; though she was saddled with a new but alcoholic husband, the wild Cornish seacoast inspired a burst of creativity. More novels tumbled forth (including two set in ancient times: *The Maccabean* and *Scenes From The Life Of Cleopatra*), as did essays, stories, and book reviews. She was finishing her autobiography when she died in 1937, aged 46.

Blondel relates all this in great, sometimes overwhelming detail. She relies heavily on Butts's diaries and accounts by her contemporaries, so that much of her story is told by the actual participants. Blondel is very sympathetic to Butts but not to the point of overlooking her many shortcomings (especially her neglect of her daughter), Stela Bowen, Ford Madox Ford's lover, once described Butts as inhabiting a "cloud-cuckoo land of her own," a view Blondel occasionally agrees with, but there is no condescension from her toward Butts's varied beliefs. Her respect for Butts as a writer dominates all, a refreshing attitude at a time when many biographers seem bent on humiliating their subjects.

Anyone interested in the literary life of the 1920s will be fascinated by this book. It probably won't result in a rewriting of Modernism, but Mary Butts can no longer be dismissed as a footnote after this.

As a result, Chinese exports grew by 9 percent during the first half of 1998, as against almost 30 percent in 1997. Experts at the French state bank, Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations (CDC), point out that the contribution of China's foreign trade to growth has become negative.

## Floods threaten Asia's new tiger

ANALYSIS  
Pierre-Antoine Delhommeaux

COULD a natural disaster help trigger off a worldwide monetary crash? The floods of the Yangtze river in China, which could, according to some estimates, knock as much as half a point off growth this year, have come at a bad moment for the Chinese government. They will aggravate the economic downturn already under way in China and jeopardize Beijing's ability to continue its policy of a strong yuan.

Although the yuan managed to avoid following other Asian currencies in their fall against the United States dollar, the Chinese economy did not escape the monetary turmoil that has now stricken the region for more than a year.

For one thing, the fall in consumption and industrial activity in countries such as South Korea and Indonesia resulted in slackening demand for Chinese products — half of China's exports go to Asian countries, and 20 percent to Japan alone. On top of that, its competitiveness was seriously eroded as currencies in neighbouring countries plummeted.

As a result, Chinese exports grew by 9 percent during the first half of 1998, as against almost 30 percent in 1997. Experts at the French state bank, Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations (CDC), point out that the contribution of China's foreign trade to growth has become negative.

After rising by 9.6 percent in 1996 and by 8.8 percent in 1997, gross domestic product (GDP) rose at an annual rate of only 7 percent during the first six months of this year, thus falling short of the 8 percent target set by the government.

As a result of this slowdown, public finances have suffered out of control: state revenues increased at a rate of 7.7 percent between January and May compared with the same period last year, well below

the rate of 10.2 percent forecast for the whole of 1998.

The decline in foreign trade is not the only factor that is acting as a brake on the Chinese economy. The current restructuring of state enterprises has resulted in colossal redundancies (14 million people laid off in 18 months), which have in turn depressed consumption: retail sales have risen at a rate of only 9 percent, as against 10 percent in 1997 and 13 percent in 1996.

The government is also trying to overhaul a banking system which, like its Japanese counterpart, has virtually been brought to its knees by the volume of bad debts. Officially put at 5 percent of GDP, they could in fact be closer to 20 percent. This determination to stabilise the economy has resulted in a fall in the bank loan approvals (currently up by only 6 percent, compared with an increase of 24 percent in 1997).

Credit demand has been held down by a monetary policy which remains highly restrictive, despite a recent easing of regulations introduced by the central bank allowing for a fall of more than 2 percent in consumer prices, one-year interest rates in real terms after discounting inflation now stand at more than 10 percent, a very high level that is a disincentive for companies and households to borrow.

So why does the government not bring interest rates down? "Even though the yuan is not convertible, China is subject to an interest rate constraint," say CDC analysts. "When domestic interest rates fall too low, particularly in relation to US rates, there are transfers into dollars, particularly on the part of exporters and joint venture companies."

Since the Chinese government is unable to use interest rates as a lever to stimulate economic activity, it has chosen to resort to the classic Keynesian device of refloating the economy by hugely increasing public spending, especially on infrastructure and building.

The governor of China's central bank has described this as a "New

## Le Monde



"Sit"

Deal" directly inspired by President Franklin Roosevelt's social and economic reform programme of the thirties: It will involve the spending of \$1,000 billion over the next three years.

There remains the key issue of the exchange rate. It could be argued that it is in Beijing's interest to devalue if it wishes to give its economy and its companies a shot in the arm. But such a strategy has several drawbacks, the most important being that in order to manufacture products for export China has to import large quantities of components, whose cost would increase if the yuan were devalued.

Chinese exports to the US and Europe remain buoyant. This would suggest that the Chinese economy is still competitive at world level and is suffering mainly from the recession in the rest of Asia. A devaluation of the yuan would trigger a further devaluationist spiral in Asia and thus aggravate the recession.

If the Chinese currency fell in value it would almost automatically drag the Hong Kong dollar down with it. That would risk causing a very serious financial crisis in the former British colony and a massive outflow of international capital, which Beijing vitally needs for

its own industrial development.

The question of whether or not to devalue the yuan is more political than economic, according to CDC experts. At a technical level, the convertibility of the yuan is strictly limited, which means that it cannot be subjected to massive speculative attacks. Beijing also has very large foreign exchange reserves (more than \$140 billion).

A devaluation of the yuan would not only be fraught with economic and financial uncertainties. It would be politically risky and could cause the Chinese government to lose some of its monetary respectability.

At a time when the Japanese economy is on the rocks and the celebrated Asian tigers are on the brink of bankruptcy, China has emerged in Western eyes as the only bulwark of stability in Asia.

The Chinese government is aware that its success in weathering the monetary storm in the region and in maintaining the yuan-dollar parity has hoisted China to the rank of a leading world economic and monetary power. The question is: how long will its determination to assume a new international respectability survive in a depressed economic context?

(August 12)

## Turks see no end to war with Kurds

Nicolas Pope in Istanbul

THE murderous and sometimes forgotten war between the Turkish government and Kurdish separatists in Anatolia, in southeastern Turkey, entered its 15th year on August 15. Despite optimistic communiqués from the Turkish civilian and military authorities, which regularly announce the annihilation of the Kurdistan Workers' Party (PKK), clashes between Kurdish rebels and government forces continue to claim victims.

It is true that the security situation in cities is better than before. A few years ago Diyarbakir would turn into a ghost town at nightfall; the climate there has now improved enough for its inhabitants to take advantage of summer evenings in parks and open-air cafés. But the state of play in the countryside remains difficult to assess.

The official lists of casualties alone show that the situation is far from encouraging. On July 14, government forces suffered their heaviest losses of the past few years — 22 dead — in clashes that lasted several hours. On August 5, the prefecture of the region, which is under emergency rule, announced that 165 Kurdish fighters had been killed in the course of a vast offensive which was launched after a PKK rocket attack on Turkish positions, which spilled over into Iraq.

Many other skirmishes, all of which caused heavy loss of life, have taken place along the Turkish-Iraqi border and in the region where Iraq, Turkey and Iran meet.

According to the authorities, five civilians were killed by Kurdish guerrillas in the eastern province of Erzurum last month. In another eastern province, Van, the mayor of Bahcesaray was released on August 11, six days after having been kidnapped by the PKK. In the same region, another mayor was less fortunate: he died in a rebel attack.

The Turkish authorities have also held the PKK responsible for a raid on a mountain hotel in Uzungöl, a tourist area near the Black Sea. The hotel owner was killed in the attack.

These reports would tend to confirm that, although Kurdish activists seem to have lost some of their clout in the southeast, the PKK and small far-left groups that have sided with it are now active in the north of the country, which is far from the main Kurdish areas.

Although the war has so far claimed 28,000 lives, no end is in sight. In the past few months, the authorities seem to have cracked down even more fiercely: the human rights campaigner, Akhî Birdal, confined to a wheelchair after an attempt on his life three months ago, was recently given a one-year prison sentence for merely having given a speech calling for a negotiated peace.

Lack of stability in the region continues to hamper its economic development. Poverty, in its turn, provides an ideal breeding ground for rebellion among an embittered and desperate generation of young people. Turkey does not yet seem ready to snap out of this vicious circle, despite the very high financial and human cost it entails.

(August 14)

## A Family's Journey From Pusan

Michael Stephens

ONE THOUSAND CHESTNUT TREES  
A Novel of Korea  
By Mira Stout  
Riverhead, 319pp., \$23.95

READING *One Thousand Chestnut Trees*, I am reminded of a time, living in Korea, when I played *baduk*. This is a board game in which one places black and white stones on a grid, the goal being to possess as many houses (grid intersections) as one can.

I thought I was doing quite well for an amateur because I claimed the middle of the board, house after house in my possession. What I hadn't realized is that the person I played against had greater ambitions than mine, and he had surrounded my houses with his stones, thus making all my property worthless.

That game taught me that things are never what you think they are. But it also showed me that one action often encapsulates another. *One Thousand Chestnut Trees* bears out that idea. It contains stories within stories, each making a claim on our attention. All are framed by a story in the immediate world, as if that contained the seeds of these other tales.

Though uneven and overly ambitious, this first novel is saved by a long middle passage that may be one of the finest, most sensitive renderings of the Korean War that I've encountered in nearly three decades of reading about it. Even more compelling, that centerpiece is the story of an older woman, not someone from the author's generation. But let's go back to the beginning to make sense of this.

Anna is the child of a Vermont couple. Her father is an Irish-American painter from Boston; her mother is a Korean violinist. This is a genera-

tional story about Anna, her mother, and the two women's ancestors from the Korean world in this century.

The story begins in New York City in the late '80s, an artsy, frantic place where Anna lives and works, though she finds her life to be empty there. After being let go from her job, she decides to take a spiritual journey back to her mother's homeland in order to come to terms with that lost world, and so come to an understanding with her mother.

Mira Stout's story about Anna is a conventional enough coming-of-age saga. At times, I found her voice inconsistent, wavering between an arch, almost British cadence and usage while purporting to belong to a very American girl from New England. Also, I found it odd, if not disturbing, that Anna referred to her

**This novel is saved by one of the finest renderings of the war I have encountered**

mother's Asian family as "Orientals," a term that is currently under dispute.

That one word aside, this novel becomes more and more engaging as it progresses. For it is not really Anna's tale that is the linchpin of this novel, but rather her mother's story, that story within a story. This incredible tale, besides being framed by Anna's contemporary journey, is introduced by a story about one of the mother's male ancestors, who lived amid the Japanese occupation that started in 1910.

This ancestor tale is somewhat generic, as though its content were gleaned from a history book on Korea. Yet the title derives from this narrative: The Min clan's patriarch

plants one thousand chestnut trees around a temple in the Sorak mountain range, one of the most distant, isolated places in South Korea. The point is to symbolize the clan's devotion to Korean culture, a world that was being stripped away, first by the 35-year Japanese occupation and then, later in the mother's story, by the North Korean invasions.

Finally, the story enters the mother's world, and that is when *One Thousand Chestnut Trees* breaks new territory. Myung-Ja (her mother) lived a life framed by war and Japanese occupation and then by a repetition of this fate with the Americans, Russians and Chinese as well as the North and South Korean armies during the Korean War. Yet Anna's mother is a gifted classical musician whose family flees south to Seoul. During the war they become displaced refugees, finally winding up in Taegu and Pusan, the most southern cities on the peninsula, and the last refuge from the storming red armies. Eventually, this gifted woman will leave Korea to study music abroad.

Because Anna's voice appears inconsistent at times, the mother's voice becomes the spine of this novel. Her mother's story will appeal not only to readers interested in Korea, particularly the war years, but also to anyone who wants to read about the human condition, its struggle and, ultimately, its resilience and triumph. War stories still are our most powerful myth-making machines.

Finally, what makes *One Thousand Chestnut Trees* so memorable is this mother's tale, because it is both real and heartbreaking. It's remarkable that Mira Stout, a writer obviously too young to have experienced the Korean War, so effectively evokes its terrifying details. I hope to read more from this gifted storyteller.

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## Einstein, My Father

Jay Parini

MRS. EINSTEIN  
By Anna McGrail  
Norton, 333 pp., \$24.95

IMAGINE a novel that contains the following: "We had worked out that only one form of the metal — Uranium-235 — was going to be capable of sustaining a chain reaction. Only the U-235 nuclei were easily split, but they formed only one part in 300 of the metal. The U-238 nuclei, which formed the overwhelming bulk of the uranium, usually just absorbed anything that hit them. That was one of the reasons my calculations had been so awry."

This mind-boggling explanation occurs in the center of this astonishing novel by Anna McGrail, an English writer who has published one previous novel. In *Mrs. Einstein* she takes on the ambitious task of putting the history of modern science, and the discovery of the atomic bomb, at the center of a novel; theories of modern physics become, in effect, a literal and symbolic matrix that holds in place the unfolding story of McGrail's eponymous narrator, Lieserl Einstein.

The author has imagined a life obscured by history. Apparently Albert Einstein and his future wife, Mileva Maric, produced a girl called Lieserl in 1902, a year before they were married. The girl was given up for adoption, and her existence was not uncovered until 1988. Nothing much is known about her.

This was fertile ground for the right novelist, and McGrail is she. Her ample knowledge of modern physics, including the race to discover the atomic bomb, is evident here; indeed, she makes the quest for scientific knowledge absorbing as she imagines a course Lieserl's life might have taken, beginning

with her restricted childhood on a remote Hungarian farm.

Then she discovers that her father is a scientist, concerned with gravity and light. Instinctively repulsive, Lieserl says: "If they gravity and light were my father's chosen weapons, I had to know every single thing about them." Somewhat implausibly for an ill-educated country girl, she becomes in her own right a brilliant scientist, intent on beating her father to the punch on his intellectual quest. Her demonic goal is to use her scientific discoveries to create a bomb that will dethrone Einstein, her pacifist father.

Mrs. Einstein describes Lieserl's bizarre, tortuous path toward her larger-than-life father, with whom she ultimately has a deathbed confrontation. Her physical journey takes her from a remote village in Hungary to Vienna (brilliantly evoked) during the First World War. Tutored by a charismatic German woman, who becomes a lifelong companion, she marries a Jewish businessman and has two children. After becoming a cutting-edge physicist in Nazi Germany, she escapes the death camps first and then flees to the United States where she gets involved in the Manhattan Project. McGrail describes this complex trajectory in remarkably authentic detail, although one defect, behind the two events, is the dangerous game played with Islamic fundamentalists.

The very manner in which one of the last conflicts of the cold war was resolved is now fueling the campaign of terror waged by certain Islamic fundamentalist groups against the United States.

The Soviet army was defeated in Afghanistan by mujahedin groups that were armed and

## Washington pays for supping with Islamists

EDITORIAL

THERE would not at first seem to be much connection between the military successes of the ultra-Islamist Taliban militia in Afghanistan over the past few days and the anti-American bomb attacks in Kenya and Tanzania. But on closer inspection it is possible to detect, behind the two events, the shape of the dangerous game played with Islamic fundamentalists.

The very manner in which one of the last conflicts of the cold war was resolved is now fueling the campaign of terror waged by certain Islamic fundamentalist groups against the United States.

The Soviet army was defeated in Afghanistan by mujahedin groups that were armed and

financed by the US. Once they had won, the various groups, most of whom were Islamic fundamentalists, tirelessly fought each other. They caused immense suffering among the Afghan population and, in so doing, opened the way for the Taliban, who rank among the most retrograde of Islamists.

The Taliban were supported by two allies of the US, Pakistan and Saudi Arabia. Washington fleetingly adopted a rather indulgent attitude towards them on the grounds that they were the only people — something which could, alas, prove to be true — capable of restoring order in a country that was likely to play a key role in the export of oil from the former Soviet countries of Asia.

The trouble is that, true to their ideology, the Taliban have also given refuge in Afghanistan

to one of the people thought to be behind the Nairobi and Dar es Salaam bombings. The wealthy Saudi businessman, Osama bin Laden, embodies the militant kind of Islamism that was spawned by the Afghan-Soviet war and now sees the US as guilty of every crime in the book.

Bin Laden was one of the heroes of the Afghan guerrilla war against the Soviet Union. He was, both a fighter, a financier and a recruiting officer — with the approval and backing of the CIA.

After the Afghan war, some of the Arab-Muslim international brigades that had mobilized to combat the Soviet army formed the military backbone of Islamist movements in many Arab countries, from Algeria to Egypt — often with the financial support, from both private and govern-

ment sources, of Saudi Arabia, one of the US's main allies in the Middle East.

When Bin Laden redirected his religious fanaticism against Washington, he was stripped of his Saudi nationality. However, he continued to keep in close touch with Riyadh.

Many terrorist attacks could well turn out to be the work of "independent" micro-factions like Bin Laden's rather than of states such as Iran or Sudan. The main lesson to be learnt from all this is, of course, that those who sup with radical Islamists must have a long spoon.

Another conclusion to be drawn is that the idea that my enemy's enemies are necessarily my friends is usually a very shortsighted form of Realpolitik. In this particular case the US, in its dealings with both Riyadh and Kabul, has played the role of sorcerer's apprentice.

(August 13)

John Co. 1316



France's Socialist prime minister has been far more effective in breaking up state enterprises than his conservative predecessor, writes **Claire Blandin**

## Privatisation comes easily to Jospin

ONE of the major paradoxes of Lionel Jospin's stint as French prime minister has been that he, a Socialist, has successfully privatised where his conservative predecessor, Alain Juppé, failed. He has done so by taking the bull by the horns on the political, social and industrial fronts.

With privatisation as in other areas, Jospin has applied his now familiar combination of consensus-seeking and pragmatism. He has also implemented an industrial strategy with a determination and a vision that few suspected he possessed.

When he was in opposition, Jospin made no secret of his hostility to privatisation, even though the issue had long since moved out of the ideological arena. Before the May 1997 general election that brought him to power, he said he thought Thomson, Air France and France Télécom should remain in public hands. Once he took up office he shifted his stance appreciably. In his general policy statement, he already admitted that "adjustments" would be necessary.

But he still had to get that shift of position accepted by the Communists in his coalition government, and especially by his transport minister, Jean-Claude Gaxiot. There was a moment of doubt when the Air France dossier became contentious (the airline's boss, Christian Blanc, resigned because he could not extract a promise from Jospin that the company would be privatised).

But the air soon cleared as Jospin skillfully managed to convince his Communist allies that state-owned companies should be eased into the private sector. For form's sake, the government avoided using the term "privatisation", preferring instead the "selling off of equity". That enabled Gaxiot to say he would not be the minister who privatised Air France.

In the case of Aerospatiale, the pill was harder to swallow: the government's stake in the company dropped below the 50 per cent mark. But Jospin, pointing to the

fact that such European partners as British Aerospace and the German company, Dasa, were reluctant to go into partnership with state-owned companies, succeeded in convincing the Communists that France would be marginalised unless Aerospatiale teamed up with its British and German counterparts.

The communist daily, *L'Humanité*, denounced the climate of uncertainty hanging over one of France's flagship industries. But the carping stopped there.

Jospin also had to deal with the social aspect. When in opposition, the left unhesitatingly whipped up trade union resentment when Juppé decided to privatise France Télécom and the CIC bank. The fact that it later came to power was no guarantee that the unions would approve the handover.

Here again, Jospin acted with great tact, getting former minister Michel Delebarre to arrange meetings between various ministers — including Jospin himself — and union representatives.

But consensus-seeking does not necessarily change the fundamental parameters: no one seriously thought that Delebarre's round of consultations would actually jeopardise the privatisation of France Télécom. But the play went down well with public opinion and the employees concerned, and marked a sharp contrast with Juppé's secretive, arrogant and uncommunicative style.

And while the "Jospin method" worked, he also had precious allies in the shape of dwindling unemployment, a return to growth and a booming stock market. France Télécom employees, whose shares have risen by 140 per cent since they were given a stake in the company, certainly have little to complain about.

Then there was the industrial part of the equation. Political consensus and social dialogue would be no more than an ingenious device if they served only to get the public to approve financial transactions. Even though the government did not turn up its nose at the financial advan-



## Fat brats give China cause for concern

Frédéric Bobin in Beijing

A STRIKING photograph recently appeared on the front page of several Chinese newspapers: it showed a group of overweight Shanghai schoolchildren awaiting orders at a summer camp. Squeezed into tight-fitting camouflage dress, with their parasol caps rammed down over their bulging necks and their water flasks at the ready, they would soon be sweating it out on forest or mountain tracks.

These martial establishments are known as "suffering camps". Parents are prepared to cough up the equivalent of \$50 a week — or a quarter of a civil servant's monthly salary — to put their chubby kid through the mill.

In Shanghai, it is estimated that 20 per cent of children are overweight and 11 per cent obese. This is a downside of the general rise in the standard of living in China and above all, of the government's "single child" policy, which encourages parents to give in to the slightest whim of their darling little cherub.

A visit to one of the last four joints in Beijing or Shanghai, where demanding toddlers order a succession of hamburgers and ice-creams, says more about the way contemporary China is going than any amount of in-depth analysis. According to the state statistics office, children gobble up a quarter of the family budget in large cities.

This is an issue that has begun to exercise the minds of educationalists. They worry about the state of mind of the "little emperors", as they are nicknamed here, when they grow up. The older ones already experience difficulties when they are called up for military service.

The People's Liberation Army's daily newspaper tells the story of a recruit who hid his festered socks under his mattress for three weeks because he did not know how to wash them. He had been spoiled at home and had never had to fend for himself.

To make up for their laxity, parents like to subject their kids to some form of "virtue" character-building experience. Beijing's No. 5 School has introduced a "boy's day" during which the children chant the following mantra: "We are men, we are brave, we assume our responsibilities, we shall accomplish historic missions."

A nursery school in Chengdu, in Sichuan province, has adopted the Japanese tradition of ice-cold showers. It also organises "endurance outings", during which pupils are urged to walk barefoot on pebbles, carry heavy objects and climb mountains.

Just before the summer, a travel agency offered a package that would enable kids "to share the life of a farmer's son" — a quaint idea 30 years after the Cultural Revolution, when young city-dwellers were exiled en masse to the countryside. (July 31)

**Le Monde**

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GUARDIAN WEEKLY  
August 23 1998



## Emergencies Staff for Oxfam GB

Oxfam's Emergency Department is a centrally managed body which ensures that the organisation has the management, technical and logistical capacity to respond rapidly, and effectively to humanitarian emergencies anywhere in the world. Our particular capabilities lie in the sectors of food security and nutrition, water supply, and sanitation with hygiene promotion. We are currently looking for three experienced people to join our team of Emergency Support Personnel (ESP). The ESP posts all involve a series of field assignments, normally of three months' duration, to a maximum of six months, giving

professional support to emergency programmes. Approximately nine months per year will be spent overseas. Post holders can be based anywhere with good international access and communications, and will not be expected to relocate to Oxford or the UK. These posts require a commitment to humanitarian action, and a readiness to travel to remote and, at times, insecure parts of the world at short notice. Fluency in English and the ability to work in a wide variety of cultural contexts is essential. Proficiency in French, Spanish and/or Portuguese are highly desirable.

### ESP Programme Co-ordinator

(2 year contract)

Salary £18,455 p.a. (net) + tax allowance up to £3,723

The Programme Co-ordinator will represent Oxfam in a particular area or region affected by a crisis with responsibility for the management, development and implementation of Oxfam's programme of response to a given situation. Essential requirements include: a proven record

of effective management; senior level representation; an ability to think and work strategically; experience of both emergency and development work and an understanding of humanitarian issues. Ref: OS/ESP/PROG/HM/GW.

### ESP Nutritionist

(2 year contract)

Salary £16,614 p.a. (net) + tax allowance up to £3,183

The Nutritionist will be directly involved in the planning and implementation of food and nutrition programmes, including general ration programmes, selective feeding programmes, prevention of micronutrient deficiencies, supporting appropriate infant feeding.

nutrition surveys, surveillance and food security assessments. Candidates should have a degree or professional qualification in human nutrition, together with at least two years' overseas experience, preferably in emergencies. Ref: OS/ESP/NUT/HM/GW.

### ESP Health Professional

(2 year contract)

Salary £16,614 p.a. (net) + tax allowance up to £3,183

The Health Professional will be directly involved in designing and implementing hygiene promotion and feeding programmes; will carry out public health surveillance and data collection and monitor the impact of Oxfam's public health programmes in water and sanitation, vector control, food and nutrition. Participation in initial assessments of emergency situations, including proposal writing may also be involved.

Candidates should have a basic health qualification in medicine or nursing, with an additional qualification or professional experience in health and hygiene promotion, particularly in emergency situations. At least two years' overseas experience, preferably in emergencies, is essential and the ability to undertake emergency public health assessments is a distinct advantage. Ref: OS/ESP/HP/HM/GW.

For further details and an application form, please send a large SAE to: International Human Resources, Oxfam, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford OX2 7DZ, quoting the job title and appropriate reference. Closing date for all applications: 28 September 1998. Interviews to be arranged.

Founded in 1942, Oxfam works with people regardless of race or religion in their struggle against poverty. Oxfam GB is a member of Oxfam International.



Oxfam GB is striving to be an equal opportunity employer.

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(Ref AUG3)

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Appointment will be initially for one academic year with the possibility of renewal. Salary will be according to qualifications and experience in the range to £23,385 p.a. on the lecturing scale. Superannuation.

Liverpool Hope is aiming to be an Equal Opportunities employer. Further details are obtainable from the Personnel Office, Liverpool Hope University College, Hope Park, Liverpool, L16 9JD, or by telephoning +44(0) 151 291 3661 (24 hours). email: person@liverpoolhope.ac.uk

Closing date for receipt of applications will be Tuesday 1st September 1998. Please quote post reference only in all communications.

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## FACULTY OF EDUCATION DEPARTMENT: HUMAN MOVEMENT STUDIES Lecturer

Requirements: At least a Master's degree in Physical Education, but preferably a Ph.D. with specialisation in either Exercise Physiology or Biokinetics or Sports Medicine.

Job description: Teaching of under and postgraduate courses, supervision of M.Ed and undergraduate thesis and projects, full participation in teaching practice and in-service programmes of the faculty, conduct research. Other duties as specified by the Head of Department.

Date of assumption of duties: 1 March 1999.

## DEPARTMENT: CURRICULUM, INSTRUCTION AND ASSESSMENT STUDIES

## Lecturer / Senior Lecturer

Requirements: Master's Degree/Ph.D in Education Media and Technology; at least 5 years teaching experience at University/Tertiary level. The post will also be available starting at Junior level for qualified Namibians only with Honours. The successful candidate must be willing to advance.

Job description: Teaching Education Communication Media and Technology courses; leading and supervising the activities of the media lab section of the Faculty; full participation in teaching practice and in-service programmes; guidance and assistance with the design and implementation of micro teaching as well as any other duties as assigned. Those with expertise in teaching methodologies of one of the following subjects will receive preference; History, Geography and Commercial subjects.

Date of assumption of duties: As soon as possible.

## Associate Professor / Senior Lecturer

Requirements: Ph.D in Educational Studies with a double major in Curriculum Design, Evaluation and Measurement, Testing and Assessment in Education, at least 5 years teaching experience at university level. Qualified Namibians will receive preference.

Job description: Teaching of under- and postgraduate courses; supervision of M.Ed and undergraduate thesis and projects; full participation in teaching practice and in-service programmes of the faculty; research and advise junior staff in their research activities, any other duties as assigned.

Date of assumption of duties: As soon as possible.

Closing date: 4 September 1998.

Contact persons: Mr Andrew Kanime at +264-61-206-31510 or Ms Monica Helte at +264-61-206-31020.

Fringe benefits: The University of Namibia offers competitive salaries and the following fringe benefits: • pension fund/gratuity scheme • medical aid scheme • annual bonus • housing scheme • generous leave privileges • relocation expenses.

Non-Namibian citizens may be appointed for a 3-year, renewable contract period.

Application procedure: Applications in writing, should be accompanied by certified copies of all qualifications, a curriculum vitae stating full details of present salary notch, increment date, the earliest available date when duty can be assumed plus three referees with their contact addresses. These should be submitted to: The Head, Recruitment and Administration, UNIVERSITY OF NAMIBIA, Private Bag 13301, Windhoek, Namibia. Preliminary telegraphic applications may be made via fax +264-61-206-38430/206-30030 or E-mail: akanime@unam.na/mhelte@unam.na.



## Will Kohl be Germany's Comeback Kid?

Arnaud Leparmentier in Bonn

DO CHANCELLOR Helmut Kohl and the Christian Democrats (CDU) still have a chance of winning Germany's general election on September 27? The 8 per cent lead which his Social Democrat (SPD) rival, Gerhard Schröder, had in June has now been shaved down to 3 per cent, according to a poll published on August 10 by the weekly *Der Spiegel*.

The CDU's ratings began to plummet after Schröder's spectacular victory at the Lower Saxony regional election of March 1. In May, Kohl's chances were written off at the regional election in Saxony-Anhalt (formerly in East Germany), his party got only a miserable 22 per cent, a drop of 12 per cent compared with the 1994 election.

The right's comeback is due mainly to an improved economic situation and falling unemployment: the number of jobless has dwindled by 300,000 since its record level at the end of 1997; and the number of Germans who regard the economic situation as good has risen to 43 per cent, a leap of 12 per cent in one month.

It is true that 74 per cent of Germans are still unhappy with the way they are being governed, but for the first time since February they believe the CDU is better equipped to solve their problems than the SPD.

They have also become less Euro-sceptic, a factor that can only help the pro-European Kohl in the battle with his rival, who long had doubts about the virtues of a single currency.

This shift in public opinion could

result in Kohl's ratings continuing to rise in the next few weeks. Whether it will enable him to snatch a last-minute victory, as he did in 1994, is another matter.

An increasing number of analysts in Bonn think Germany will be ruled by a grand coalition between the SPD and the CDU, which will have the joint task of carrying out the fiscal, social and institutional reforms Germany needs. Kohl will also step down.

According to that theory, if the SPD got the biggest share of the vote, the coalition would be led by Schröder. If the CDU came top, Kohl's chosen successor, Wolfgang Schäuble, would probably become chancellor, despite being confined to a wheelchair since an attempt on his life in 1990.

The other possibility would be a

coalition between the SPD and the Greens. But only a quarter of the population now favours such a solution, as against 32 per cent in March. The number of people who say they will vote Green has slumped from 12 per cent at the beginning of the year to 6 per cent.

The Greens recently discredited themselves by making a number of wild demands — and openly disagreeing among themselves: they wanted petrol prices to go up to 5DM (\$2.80) per litre, a 100kph motorway speed limit, German holidaymakers to be restricted to one plane flight every five years, Nato to be broken up, the German army to be halved in size, and military service and life imprisonment to be abolished.

The Greens are now not even certain of achieving the 5 per cent showing they need in order to be represented in parliament. (August 11)

Handwritten text in a box: "Jospin le retour"

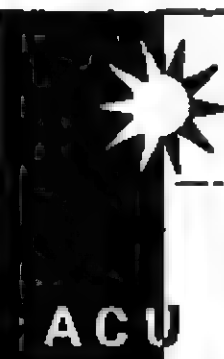


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### North Atlantic Marine Mammal Commission

#### GENERAL SECRETARY



The North Atlantic Marine Mammal Commission (NAMMCO) invites applications for the position of General Secretary at the NAMMCO Secretariat in Tromsø, Norway. NAMMCO is an inter-governmental body established in 1992 with the purpose of contributing, through regional consultation and cooperation, to the conservation, rational management and study of marine mammals in the North Atlantic. Member countries of the Commission are Norway, Iceland, Greenland and the Faroe Islands. The NAMMCO Secretariat currently has a permanent staff of three. The official working language of NAMMCO is English.

The General Secretary is responsible to the members of the Commission for the coordination and administration of its work, including the preparation and administration of annual meetings and the Commission's published Annual Reports and is also responsible for maintaining contacts with other relevant international organisations and non-member governments. The position involves a minimum of three weeks overseas travel per year in connection with meetings and other events.

The successful candidate should have: a higher university degree in a relevant field of study; working experience with, and an excellent understanding of, international cooperation in the field of conservation and management of natural resources; excellent communication skills and fluency in written and spoken English, as well as experience with the preparation and editing in English of reports and publications. A working knowledge of a Scandinavian language would be an advantage; experience in administrative leadership.

The position of General Secretary is for a four-year period, with the possibility of extension at the end of this term. The salary, which is currently subject to national income tax in Norway, will be commensurate with the qualifications required of the position and in line with salaries for similar posts in other international organisations.

Written applications, together with a curriculum vitae and the names, addresses and telephone numbers of three referees, should be sent by mail, addressed to the Chairman of the Council, NAMMCO, c/o University of Tromsø, N-9037 Tromsø, Norway and postmarked no later than Friday 28 August 1998.

Further information on the position can be obtained from the present General Secretary, Ms Kate Sanderson (Tel. +47 77 64 59 08; E-mail: [nammco-sec@nammco.no](mailto:nammco-sec@nammco.no)), and the Chairman of the Council, Mr Arnór Halldórsson of the Ministry of Fisheries in Iceland (Tel. +354 560 96 70; E-mail: [arnor@hafro.is](mailto:arnor@hafro.is)).



These photographs were taken by Tom Stoddart of IPG at the Médecins Sans Frontières feeding station at Ajalep in southern Sudan. Anti-clockwise from top: A child who has waited for hours looks pitifully at a local rich man who has just taken a bag of maize from him; two people watch as a body is brought unceremoniously for burial; a young child

## Victims of Sudan's pitiless war

Victoria Brittain

A CEASEFIRE in Sudan's civil war has given new access to aid for thousands of desperate refugees.

The three-month truce between the Islamic government in Khartoum and the Sudan People's Liberation Army has opened the airstrip at Ajalep in the south where people have gathered for months struggling to survive on inadequate airdrops.

Elsewhere in the south a convoy of river barges carrying emergency food supplies has begun a six-week journey down the Nile.

But the aid has come too late for unknown thousands of other displaced people in many such rough, ill-equipped camps across the region. Aid workers fear that the high death toll at Ajalep suggests that many other camps are also in the grip of a catastrophe.

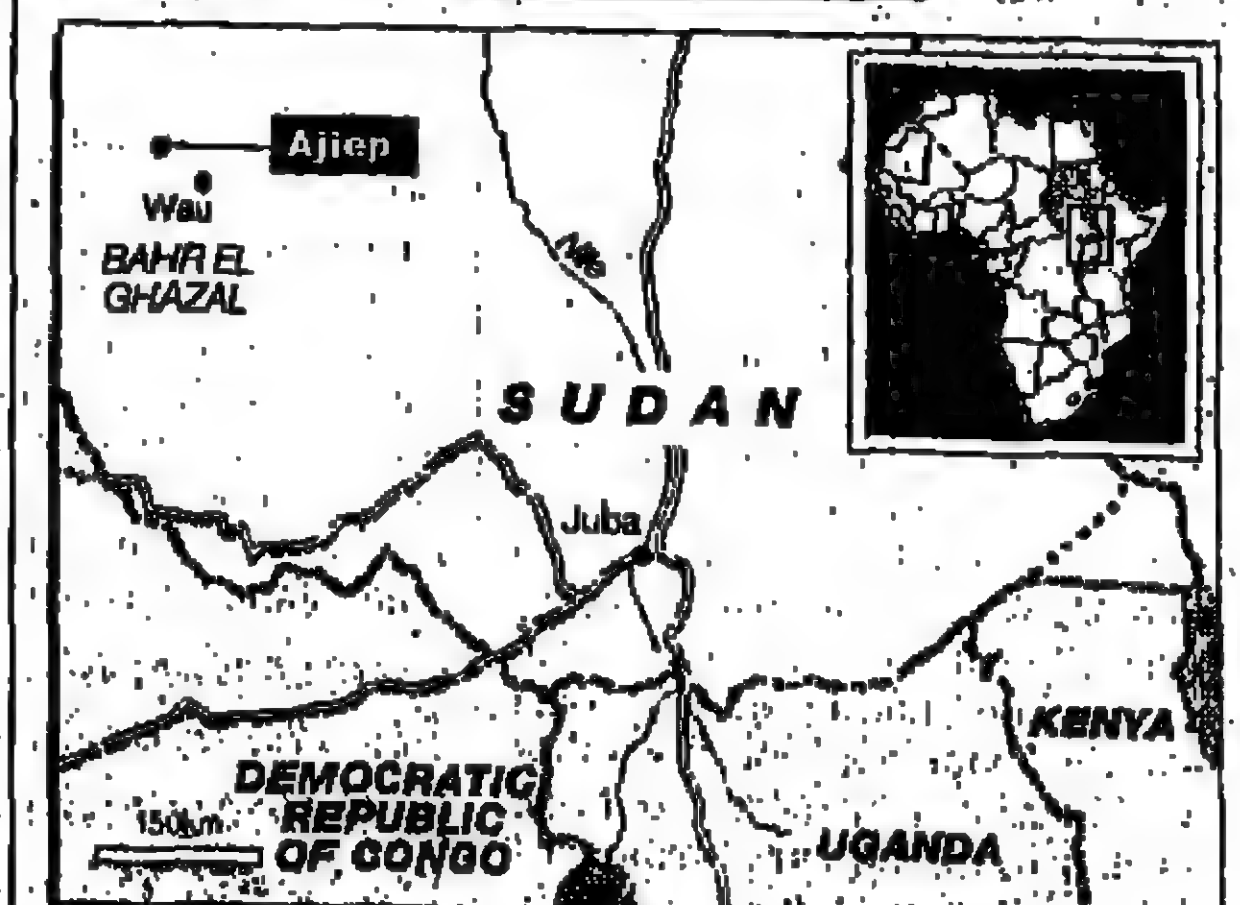
The refugees, mostly from generations of Dinka cattle-herding families, are the usually unseen victims of a pitiless war driven by regional and geo-political interests which go far beyond Sudan.

The United States has declared Sudan a terrorist state, while Eritrea, Ethiopia, and especially Uganda, have all been destabilised for years by Sudan's proxy armies.

The Dinka in Ajalep have lost their cattle, their villages, schools and clinics. They have been driven to walk for days, weeks or months, searching for food and fleeing a war waged against them from Khartoum by air and land.

Their traditional world of cattle camps, elaborate rituals and careful ornamentation is lost for ever. The potential oil riches which might have brought them into the modern world are more remote than ever.

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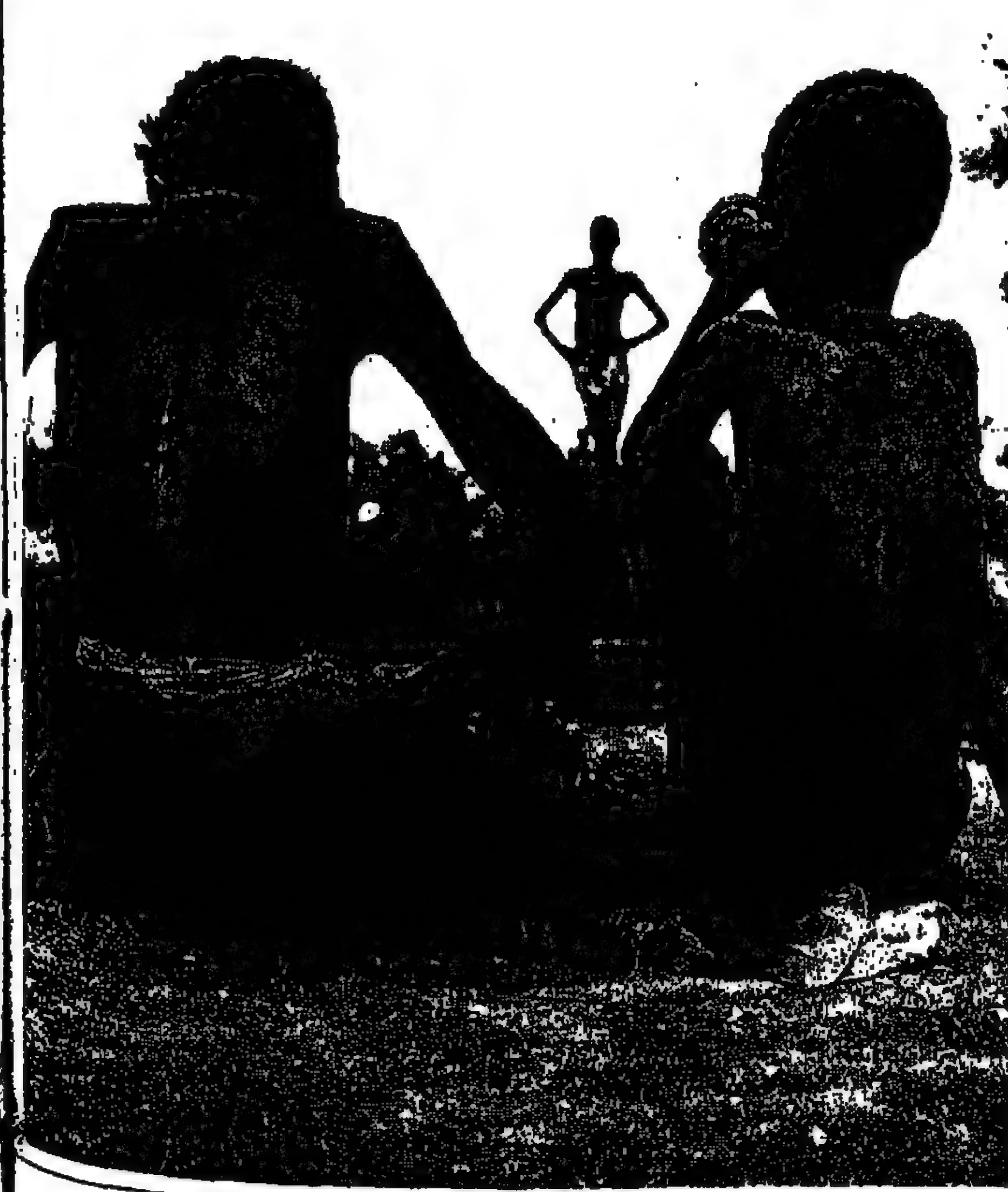
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John Co. Ltd



He spent six months in a British prison for offences against the Official Secrets Act, the first intelligence agent prosecuted in 36 years. We are forbidden to show his face. Here, **Richard Tomlinson**, now in New Zealand, breaks his silence about jail and the harsh system that has hounded him around the world

## Spies, lies and my feud with MI6

**"O** IF YOU'RE Tomlinson aren't you — the spy fellow. A meaty hand clasped me on the shoulder and spun me round. I braced myself for trouble, not knowing what reception to expect from fellow inmates. Would I be regarded as just another criminal or "scuzzer" or as a "niece" — a convicted police officer or prison warden — and subjected to intimidation and beatings? In fact my accoster just wanted to shake my hand. "It's a bloody liberty what they done to you," he said.

In the peculiar hierarchy that exists among prisoners, I was rapidly ensconced near the top of the pile, alongside armed bank robbers and master fraudsters. My crime gained kudos because it had pricked the skin of the haled establishment.

Earlier this year I spent six months in Belmarsh Prison, south-east London, courtesy of Her Majesty. My sin? Breaking the Official Secrets Act. I was the first MI6 agent to be prosecuted for secrets offences since George Blake 36 years ago. Blake was spying for the Soviets; all I had done was provide a synopsis for a book to an Australian publisher which I contended at my trial, and I content still, posed no substantial risk to British national security.

My time behind bars was made more palatable by the unexpected support I was given by some of the country's most hardened criminals. They took me under their wing, regarding me as an asset because of my knowledge of the workings of the intelligence services. We held daily one-hour sessions in the exercise yard, like post-operational debriefing sessions. "How do I spot police surveillance?", "How do I tell if my phone is tapped?", "What's better, the Uzi or the Heckler & Koch?" were the sorts of questions fired at me. In return I was showered with favours, tips, even offers of drugs.

My quasi-celebrity status in jail made my time a little easier, and, on occasion, even amusing. But prison was still a desperately miserable experience. The biggest enemy was boredom. Locked up in a 12ft by 6ft cell on average 21 hours a day, I sank into long periods of depression. I found it impossible to concentrate even on the most page-turning book for more than a few hours. Computer chess helped a bit, and I set myself personal targets such as memorising lists of irregular German verbs. But always the deep anger would well up in me, fuelled by resentment at the circumstances that had led to my imprisonment.

How could MI6 refuse to allow me to take it to an industrial tribunal on the grounds that a court hearing would "prejudice national security", when it subsequently had no qualms about taking me to court when the boot was on the other foot? What sheer hypocrisy. If it had conceded to an industrial tribunal I would never have found myself in

the company of some of Britain's most dangerous criminals, and it would never have had to endure the adverse publicity of my arrest, trial and imprisonment. Even as my sentence was drawing to an end I felt this injustice intensely.

When I was dismissed from MI6 in 1995, I told the head of the personnel department that I would pursue a claim for unfair dismissal. He replied: "There's no point in doing that, because nobody can tell the Chief [of the Secret Intelligence Service] what to do."

These words, from a senior officer, summarised the fundamental problem with the intelligence services. There is a deep-rooted belief within the services that, should a policy decision or operation go wrong, nobody will be held ultimately responsible. The service will always be able to hide behind the catch-all veil of secrecy provided by the Official Secrets Act or, if the heat really builds up, a Public Interest Immunity Certificate.

This lack of accountability at the top of the service cascades downwards. The decisions of even junior officers are accepted without rigorous examination by their line managers simply because the line manager knows that he will not be held accountable by his own senior officer. This loose decision-making structure results in some catastrophic operational disasters and, in extreme cases, loss of life.

It is also a fertile breeding ground for corruption. While most MI6 officers are principled, honest and hard-working, some succumb to temptation, knowing they will be immune from legal action. One officer profited handsomely from selling made-to-order passports to London's criminal underworld. Another paid for his divorce by inventing a fictitious agent, sending Whitehall a steady stream of intelligence from this imaginary agent (which he had copied from the pages of the Economist) and then pocketing the agent's salary.

For many years MI5 and MI6 have avoided the streamlining that all other government departments have undergone by arguing that detailed inquisition by government spending committees would prejudice their operational security. The result is a structure that would provide a theme park for management consultants.

Why, for example, keep MI5 and MI6 as separate agencies? There is substantial overlap between the two. Both keep large libraries which frequently each contain a file on the same individual, so a conscientious officer must trudge across to the sister service. There is often fighting between the two agencies over who should have primacy over a



The man who knew too much... Tomlinson looking out over Auckland harbour. PHOTOGRAPH: ROSS SETIRO

particular target or operation. Arbitrary ground rules are sometimes brokered between warring departments, and communication is desperately poor. Paperwork can take weeks to travel the few hundred yards between Millbank and Vauxhall Cross. There is remarkably little cross-fertilisation of ideas, operational co-ordination or even socialising between the two. Indeed, when I spoke briefly by telephone to David Shayler the day before his arrest in Paris for alleged breaches of the Official Secrets Act, I joked tongue-in-cheek that it was only the second occasion I had spoken to an MI5 officer.

Most MI6 officers have little idea how to manage a budget, and even less incentive to manage it well. There are many cases of profligate waste of taxpayers' money. One department realised in February that it had only spent a fraction of its annual budget. When it dawned that if all the money was not spent by April the budget for the following year would be slashed, the department feverishly devised and rehearsed a complicated paramilitary operation which had no chance of being authorised.

**T**HE intelligence services have managed to get away with such shoddy practices for so long because they have cultivated an air of mystique and importance around their work. This is far removed from reality. SIS (MI6) devotes considerable resources to lobbying its position in Whitehall, and has a specialist department whose role is to spin-doctor the media by winning and dining favoured journalists and editors. As a result, many senior Whitehall officials, MPs, editors and even judges hold MI6 in awe without having any understanding of the reality of its abilities and activities.

The draconian, catch-all nature of the Official Secrets Act is also used to prolong this myth. Under it, people have been prosecuted for activities which most objective observers would regard as utterly anodyne. At my own trial last year, MI6 alleged that I had "endangered the lives of agents" and I received a 12-month sentence. In reality, the synopsis had been read by only one

person, who had then left it to gather dust in a filing cabinet.

Such disproportionate punishments help to cultivate in the minds of the public the myth that intelligence work is somehow of crucial importance to the fabric of the nation, whereas in reality it is not much more than a rather inefficient government news agency.

And then there's the Official Secrets Act itself. It makes no distinction between revelations that are genuinely sensitive and those which are firmly in the public interest. Despite Britain's supposed commitment to free speech, I have been forced to move to New Zealand in order to publicly criticise a small part of the British government.

So what is to be done? The intelligence service needs an overhaul, starting from the top. Let's replace the Joint Intelligence Committee — a crusty, self-serving old-boy network of admirals, generals and civil servants — with a parliamentary sub-committee, so that intelligence targets, priorities and budgets are all controlled through the democratic process. Such systems are used to control the intelligence services of the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand without prejudicing national or operational security.

Next, MI5 and MI6 should be streamlined into one organisation, directly accountable to that sub-committee. The head of this new agency should be held directly responsible for any failures within the agency. He or she should preferably be appointed from outside the intelligence service so that the inbred complacency of current senior officers is swept aside.

Finally, the Official Secrets Act should be reformed so that it protects the identities of agents and ongoing operations, but allows open inquisition into issues of legitimate public interest. Breaches of this new act should be punishable in proportion to the direct consequences of the offence, not according to fanciful speculation about the potential consequences of the leak. And Public Interest Immunity Certificates should be permanently banned.

These reforms would quickly end all the errors, abuses of power, inefficiency and corruption which are currently endemic in our intelligence services. They would also put an end to the need for people like David Shayler and myself: whistleblowers who feel they have no legal channels through which to raise very real fears about what MI5 and MI6 are up to. In any case, with open and demystified services, nobody would pay whistleblowers the slightest bit of attention.

In the end I learned how to survive the Belmarsh prison regime. I chose to spend my two hours of "work" a day in the computer lab, where I could write personal letters, or design posters for the prison to publicise new regulations or educational courses.

**W**E ALSO had an hour's exercise. I trained ferociously on the rowing machine in the prison gym — it was the best therapy I found for my pent-up anger and frustration. I became fanatical about it, trying each day to break the previous day's record. It was my only means of salvaging any sense of purpose or achievement out of those six barren months in jail. (By the end of my sentence I had broken the prison service record.)

I don't look back on my time in jail now with anger or resentment. I broke the law, and paid the penalty. However, I do still resent the fact that MI6 officers lied to justify my dismissal, then used the Official Secrets Act to cover their dishonesty. Rather than question the judgment and integrity of the service itself, they chose the cowardly option of pursuing a case against me — a move symptomatic, in my view, of the malaise of complacency at the heart of the service.

Today, I'm still nursing a broken rib from my arrest in Paris. I have yet to recover my computer equipment seized by the French police and by the authorities here in New Zealand after my room was searched. And with injunctions hanging over me seemingly wherever I go, my future looks uncertain. I hope that the British government will be able to learn from the bad publicity caused by its extraordinary blunders and heavy-handed actions against me. But judging from past behaviour I fear this story is far from over.

The Guardian has not paid Richard Tomlinson for this article. At his request a donation has been made to the charity, Liberty (formerly the National Council for Civil Liberties).

Letter from Mali Robert Lacville

## Proverbial wisdom

**M**Y OLD friend Souleyman Touray said: "I have just understood something my grandfather told me, some 30 years ago." Souley's grandfather was a speaker of proverbs and a famous hippo-hunter who died at the hands (or, rather, at the teeth) of a hippo. He had been a spiritual leader and source of wisdom for the whole community — until the hippo got him.

All elders and community leaders speak in proverbs and parables. I love them. Proverbs are very picturesque in translated language, but they often make it horrendously difficult to understand what elders are actually saying. First you have to understand the proverb; next you have to understand what it means. And even then you are not out of the muck for behind the meaning lies a wisdom. The best proverbs have multiple meanings with varying interpretations and wisdoms. All this is part of West Africans' love of word-play and debate. It explains why it took Souleyman 30 years to understand his grandfather's wise advice. And it goes some way towards excusing strangers like me who have difficulty in mastering African languages.

African conversation is full of enigmatic observations. Silence is admired as much as proverbs. Silence is also a sign of wisdom. Once wisdom is dispensed, elders usually relapse into silence. Village conversation is punctuated with companionable silence and thoughtfulness. If a younger person does venture to ask the meaning of a proverb, the usual response is: "May God give you long life, my son!" Time, experience, and your own growing wisdom may allow you to understand the meaning some day.

African proverbs often use animals. Here are a couple of examples from the Dogon country on Mali's eastern border, home of famous animal masks and ancestor death dances. The symbol of Dogon culture is the kangana, a mask which represents the antelope. The dancers hold the mask in their teeth, sweeping their bodies down and round so that the antlers brush the dust in front of them. At the same time, the mask represents the universe as perceived by the Dogons, a unity between sky and earth, between those who are here, those who came before us and those who

are yet to come. In Africa, there is no fear of death because life is part of a continuous birth.

The Dogon village is ruled by the ancestors. Their venerated remains are pulled up the cliff and laid to rest in caves, or in the troglodyte dwellings of the Pygmies who once lived in these cliffs. The oldest man in the community, the Hogon, also lives up in the cliff: "He is so old, he is almost dead," a younger Dogon once explained to me, with awe in his voice. Once the Hogon is up there, he never comes down. Other elders climb up the cliff to consult him and bring down his instructions: an agreeable example of African constitutional monarchy, so much more peaceful than dealing with elected presidents!

When he is not receiving visits, the Hogon spends his time in meditation and looks after the ancestor fetiches. Or he sleeps. Once each day, an elderly woman takes food up to the old man. Who looks after the Hogon? I wondered. "He never washes," I was told. "A serpent licks him clean." My informant was amazed by the magic of the serpent. With the wisdom of 40 years in Africa, I know that the old woman is the serpent. This is her title, an honour for the wisdom she carries. She has the wisdom of the serpent, whose ancestors lived in these cliffs when men had not yet evolved into bipeds. It takes time and maturity to understand the code: "May God give you long life, my son!"

**T**HE FRENCH fable-writer La Fontaine used the same literary conceit. His fox and cat show cunning, the raven illustrates stupidity or cupidity. In Africa hyenas are stupid and mean, while the rabbit (actually a hare) shows cunning and wit. Brer Rabbit, hero of American folklore and grandfather of filmmaker Roger Rabbit, was African. He came to America with the slave ships. The African hare look over humour just as African singing took over the churches and jazz came to define American music.

Souley told me another African story which illustrates how wisdom and initiation come only with age. In an African jungle, the baby monkey asked his mother: "Mother, why do you have such big red buttocks?" To which his mother replied "May God give you long life, my son!"

## A Country Diary

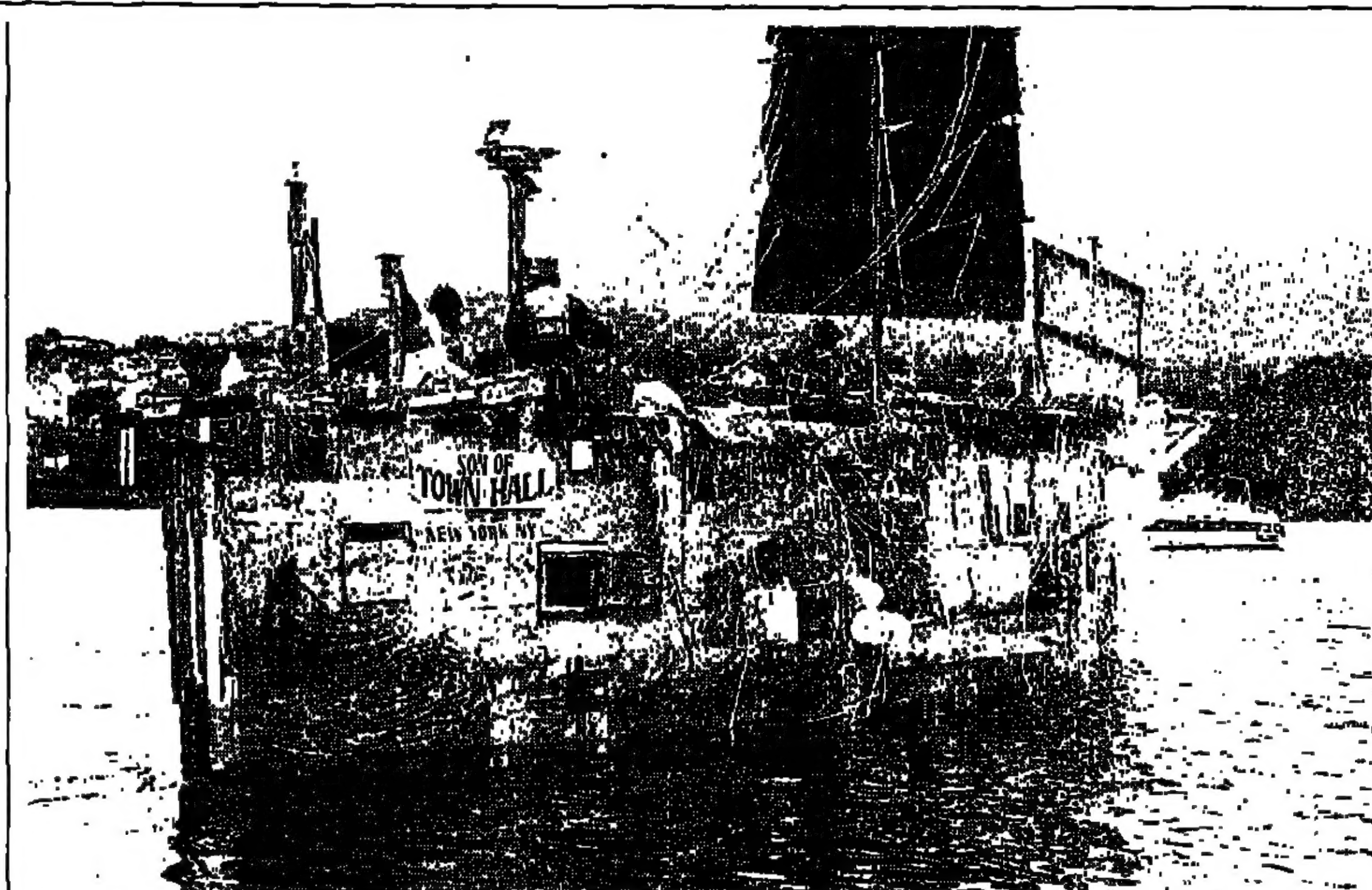
Jacqueline Karp Gendre

**GIRONDE.** When I saw a lone den shed at six o'clock on a very hot summer's evening, I knew something unusual was afoot. By eight, when walking on the coastal path along the Gironde, I had found the answer. Flying ants. Millions of them. Driving at our faces, catching in our hair. Flitting in on them and narrowly avoiding us were dozens of swifts, dark, silent and sinister, curving and swerving, zooming and consuming in flight like fighter planes.

The ants had even enticed a flurry of redstarts down to the beach where they hopped from rock to rock in search of tasty morsels, their orange-red tails

fanning out in the dimming evening light. The swifts and redstarts disappeared with the dark and I waded into the bay for a night time swim. The tide was on its way out and a pair of herons were returning from the Médoc after a busy day's fishing, heading for their heronry on the old salt flats, gliding high and majestically across the estuary.

A herring gull sat on a yellow buoy way out in the bay — no doubt avoiding all the tourists — and a laughing gull with chocolate-brown face hovered for an instant above my head, then sailed leisurely on. Sea breeze, short of oxygen at the end of such a hot day, popped their noses out and sent widening ripples over the cool sea, grey now and as flat as a millpond.



Son of Town Hall sails into Castletownbere, Co Cork, after its Atlantic crossing. PHOTO: PROVISION

## Braving life on an ocean wave

Rory Carroll

**F**OUR artists too poor to fly but keen to see the world have crossed the Atlantic with three dogs aboard a boat made of recycled plywood and barrels. Landing on Ireland's west coast last week, their skipper said they were only slightly insane.

Villagers at Castletownbere, Co Cork, were not so sure. They described the 15m vessel as a garden shed, a doll's house, a rubbish tip and a lunatic asylum.

Since leaving Halifax, Nova Scotia, 63 days earlier the craft had dodged icebergs, storms and 8m waves. Edward Garry, aged 37, said the sail and engine-powered craft, named Son of Town Hall, was built entirely from scrap metal and discarded wood.

"It is a composite of recycled materials, and we have put it together to make our dreams come true. We set out for France, but when we saw

Ireland in our vision, we decided to go for it. We are all a little crazy in our own way — I just demonstrate it a little more pointedly."

The crew consisted of a married couple in their 60s from San Francisco, a Canadian, Roger Drumceter, and Mr Garry, an Irish-American. The dogs are two Rotweilers, Siegfried and Thor, and a Mexican poodle called Willie. Humans and dogs lived on pasta and tinned food.

Poppin' Neutrino, aged 35, said he and his wife, Aurelia, aged 32, will use the two weeks to promote recycling and prepare for their next voyage, to the Mediterranean.

Mr Drumceter said: "The idea is to show people that you can take the stuff you have around you and recycle it and make use of it."

Declan Gegan, a coastguard, said they had been blessed with calm weather. "This kind of thing is dangerous, and stretches the resources of coastguards and rescue services," Mr Garry said. "The raft could

not sink — only break up. I never had a doubt that we would make it."

An Irish naval ship, the LE Eimhear, re-supplied the boat when it entered Irish waters on Tuesday last week. Stocks were low because the crew had expected the 3,000-mile journey to last 30 days, not 63.

Another vessel, the LE Clara, escorted them into Castletownbere, where Customs officials refused to allow them to disembark until the raft had been searched.

Bill Jones, Castletownbere's harbour master, said the boat was seaworthy. "It's hardly describable. It looks like something out of the Beverly Hills, but underneath it's well built."

One spectator was less impressed. "It looks like two sails on top of a garden shed." Safety equipment amounted to a VHF radio, two mega-band transceivers and flares.

A police spokeswoman in Halifax, Nova Scotia, was amazed at the news. "They made it? I don't believe it."

## Notes & Queries Joseph Harker

**FA 750cc racing motorbike** was pitted against a Formula One racing car, which would win?

A 750cc racing motorbike would stand no chance of beating a Formula One car. The F1 car is simply too fast, especially around high speed corners, where the huge downforce generated by the aerodynamics of an F1 car allow 3-4G to be experienced during cornering.

Also, the car does not suffer from the problem of keeping its front wheel on the ground under hard acceleration. (Incidentally, the fastest racing bikes are usually the 500cc Grand Prix bikes — not the 750s which are normally 4-stroke machines!) — Jeff Newman, Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire

**IS IT** really possible to break a wine glass by singing at a particular pitch and volume?

**YES.** The note sung has to be at or near the resonance frequency of the glass, and must be loud enough to cause enough vibrations large enough to shatter the glass. The wine glass will have to be almost perfectly circular in cross

section in order that its resonance frequency be in the vocal range. Occasionally you will see water in the bottom of the glass modify its resonance frequency. In addition, such experiments will often use crystal, ostensibly because no prima donna could be expected to shatter an ordinary glass, but more correctly because crystal, being more brittle, is easier to shatter. — Andy Harrison, Dublin

**DON'T** know about wine glasses and singing, but years ago our infant daughter was screaming on her mother's knee when a glass on the nearby table disintegrated. — Peter Parker, Ely, Cambridgeshire

**FOR** minimal environmental damage, should I dry my hands using the roller towel, a paper towel, or the hot air drier?

**ACCORDING** to the late Carl Sagan's book Billions And Billions, one excellent way to counter the build-up of excess carbon dioxide in our atmosphere is to grow lots of trees, cut them down and bury them. Therefore, the most environmentally sensitive towel is

new, unrecycled paper, buried in an urban landfill after use. — Joseph Holmes, Vacaville, California

## Any answers?

**WHAT** was the longest single construction project successfully carried through? — Michael Dolbear, Walton on Thames

**WHAT** is the origin of the phrase "over a barrel" — is it rude? — Michael Wear, London

**IS THERE** any scientific basis for regarding some colours as harmonising with each other and some as clashing? — David Bradnack, Haddenham, Buckinghamshire

**WHO** sent the first e-mail? When? What did it say? — Rev Gordon Oliver, Cascais, Portugal

Answers should be e-mailed to weekly@guardian.co.uk, faxed to 0171/444 171-242-0985, or posted to The Guardian Weekly, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3HQ. The Notes & Queries website is at <http://nq.guardian.co.uk/>

John Co 136



## A toast to melancholia

JAZZ CD OF THE WEEK  
**Ronald Atkins**

THE alibi that distinguishes the packaging of jazz nowadays include a splattering of all-star guests and some kind of peg. Built around tunes linked to a much-admired and widely influential pianist, this CD might be said to fit the bill.

Such albums are rarely classics, since the juggling of personnel from track to track is often caused less by musical exigencies than by terms of contract. But I Remember Bill, a tribute to Bill Evans, is far better than most.

Hardly a household name but respected within the business, Don Sebesky played trombone with Stan Kenton in the sixties before opting for the arranger's role. Here, he fills the spaces with strings, woodwind or brass, sometimes adapting part of an Evans solo for the ensemble, as on So What and Piece Peace.

Among a large and well-contrasted cast of luminaries are the pianist's rhythm sections from different stages of his career — Eddie Gomez with Marty Morell, and Marc Johnson with Joe LaBarbera, Joe Lovano and Tom Harrell always make welcome guests, as does Lee Konitz, whose pungent, off-centre phrasing and vinegary sound on alto saxophone grip especially when applied, as here, to tunes everybody knows.



Bill Evans: He preferred to let the music speak for itself

Part of Evans's appeal to audiences came from the way he externalised melancholia, a mood evoked by the reedy echoing of Eddie Daniels's clarinet and wry, conflation tones from the harmonica of Toots Thielemans.

The latest vocal adaptation of Blue In Green, sung by Jennie Bryson, incorporates cleverly the original solos of Miles Davis and John Coltrane. Interesting to see if the ever-modulating title tune, written by Sebesky and sung by John Pizzarelli, survives as long as Benny Golson's memorial to Clifford Brown.

The final bonus is a brief recorded interview with Evans, who in general preferred to let the music speak for itself.

To order I Remember Bill (RCA Victor) for £13.99 contact CultureShop (see page 29). Free p&p in UK; 10% in Europe; 15% in the rest of the world



Ian Dury, the master of lubricious seriousness, at Paul Weller's annual London gig

## Oi, I'm not dead yet

POP CONCERT  
**Caroline Sullivan**

PAUL Weller's annual London outdoor gig has become a way for fans to measure their progress against Weller's. So far, his progress has been identical to that of most baby-boomers: a wild youth (The Jam years) followed by a more acquisitive late 20s (the Style Council period) and a mellowed-out, thirties (his solo career). But now he's 40, and, faced with such ineluctable proof of their own middle age, some fans seemed more thoughtful than usual as they watched him go through his paces.

At least Weller doesn't act 40, or look it. He's still skinny and as concerned with clothes as any Modfather (we'll overlook the pudding-bowl haircut, which would have rendered even a 20-year-old unfanciable as it flapped around his face like a spaniel's ears). But he's at the

age where he's entitled to spaniel's ears if he wants, just as he's entitled to dictate who appears with him. If he demands the services of skilled-but-dull soulstress Carleen Anderson or Finley Quayle, it's up to him.

His most interesting bit of casting was Ian Dury & The Blockheads. After a string of improbably huge hits in the seventies, such as the immortal Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick, Dury and his Blockheads went their own ways for the next 17 years. They recently regrouped and released an album, Mr Love Pants, which shows them to have retained every ounce of their lubricious seediness. But their inclusion on the bill is more to do with the fact that Dury has cancer. He was forced to cancel a recent show, and if he is unable to play again, this gig will stand as a fitting finale, particularly as Victoria Park was also the site of one of his first major shows, a 1970 Rock Against Racism rally.

Despite the fierce sun, Dury was bundled up in a jacket and scarf, his only concession to the weather being sunglasses straight from a Clacton novelty shop. His voice was uncharacteristically faint as he enquired, "How ya goin', Cambridge?" I don't know about Cambridge, but Victoria Park was goin' fine, and cheered very loudly. Then he rasped a horrid, dirty-old-man laugh that assured us he hadn't lost his marbles, and the Blockheads ploughed into What A Waste.

Dury gained strength as that song's choppy, anomalous punk chords (anomalous because the Blockheads are a lounge-jazz outfit who incorporated a tiny helping of punk 20 years ago when the times demanded it) swirled into the music-hall sauciness of Billerica Dickie. Describing the amorous escapades of said Essex boy, Dickie seemed to infuse Dury with energy. He fairly shouted the last words: "I'm not a flamin' thickie, I'm Billerica Dickie, and I'm doing VERY

bundled up in a jacket and scarf, his only concession to the weather being sunglasses straight from a Clacton novelty shop. His voice was uncharacteristically faint as he enquired, "How ya goin', Cambridge?" I don't know about Cambridge, but Victoria Park was goin' fine, and cheered very loudly. Then he rasped a horrid, dirty-old-man laugh that assured us he hadn't lost his marbles, and the Blockheads ploughed into What A Waste.

Dury gained strength as that song's choppy, anomalous punk chords (anomalous because the Blockheads are a lounge-jazz outfit who incorporated a tiny helping of punk 20 years ago when the times demanded it) swirled into the music-hall sauciness of Billerica Dickie. Describing the amorous escapades of said Essex boy, Dickie seemed to infuse Dury with energy. He fairly shouted the last words: "I'm not a flamin' thickie, I'm Billerica Dickie, and I'm doing VERY

WELL!" He defied you to disagree. The Blockheads, an ill-matched assortment of pub denizens in shorts, shades and badly-bleached hair, played as if it had been 17 days rather than years since they last backed Dury. Theirs must be one of the oddest jobs in pop — producing slinky cocktail melodies as a foil to a stubby little character muttering hoarse Cockney imprecations. But they were nothing less than majestic. Davey Payne's swooning saxophone transforming Dury's absurd lyrics (why ARE nanny goats a reason to be cheerful?) into gleaming surrealism. When it was over and the applause had died down, Dury seemed suddenly spent and was tenderly helped from the stage by an assistant.

He would have been a hard act to follow even for an artist more focused than Finley Quayle. How does this pop-reggae starlet get away with aimless sets that lack any continuity? He didn't finish so much as just sort of drift to a halt, ambulating offstage like he was popping out for a minute, never to return.

A short, swarthy figure introduced Weller: "Ladies and gentlemen, for what you are about to receive may you be truly grateful. If you say so, Noel Gallagher. There'd be more of him later."

The good points of the Weller live experience are that he is a passionate vocalist who sings even battered old faves like Sunflower as if it was the first time and that he can play keyboards as deftly as he plays guitar the rest of the time. The bad points are the wholegrain guitar-centric music, which will deserve the term it spawned, dad rock; and Weller's relentless seriousness, enabling him to sing the line "I've got a heavy soul" without looking at all abashed.

Leave it to our friend from Oasis to save the day during an encore of Dr John's Walk On Gilded Spiders. Gallagher is becoming more and more like the old-school rockers: once despised, coveting and then being shaped as he shared a mike with Weller. The latter was a picture of dignity by contrast as Gallagher made faces and finally ran away. Comic relief! Paul Weller does have a sense of humour after all.

relationship between the warm goodness/mother and the tight-wound girl/daughter is carefully controlled by Marceau, who is perfectly at ease with the English dialogue as Elisabeth battles with the suppression of her own feelings.

Dillane, in his first screen role since Welcome To Sarajevo, matches Marceau by carefully underplaying his own torment, leading the audience gradually towards the awful decision that will resolve their dilemma. Lia Williams gives a poignant resonance to the hopes of the plain, resolute sister-in-law, Josie. Ackland is amusing as Godwin's feckless father, frittering away a fortune on importing musicians from Paris to play the new-fangled polka at his soirées.

It would be simple and smart to poke fun at Firelight, at its many clichés and occasional inconsistencies, and particularly at those elements of character and plot that bring it uncomfortably close to the work of Barbara Cartland. None of this kind of lush escapism or you succumb to it. But if this is your kind of thing, watch out. Breathe and swell so much that when it's over even the audience may require the expert attention of Mike Marceau's correct-maker.

She also demonstrates to Godwin the danger of allowing his daughter to grow up in isolation, marooned in a cold and underpopulated house, whose bedridden mistress is a constant presence. The ambiguous relationship

## Cutting up a bit of rough

TELEVISION  
**Nancy Banks-Smith**

LAST week in Brookside (Channel 4) Lindsey Corkhill went to Finnegan's Health Club. If you want someone's health to take a turn for the worse, have a word with a Finnegan. Our Linds said bluntly she wanted her husband, Gary, dead. Even Mrs Finnegan, a sharp-featured woman with ample eye-liner, was taken back by this. "We're not into just killing someone at the drop of a hat," "I'll do it then! Get me a gun or sumpin' 'cos I am going to kill him!" cried Our Linds, who could go on as Lady Macbeth without rehearsal. Mrs Finnegan talked to her like a

Dutch Uncle. If Lady Macbeth had had a Dutch Uncle, it would have saved a great deal of unnecessary poetry. She said murder was messy. She mentioned blood and bits of brain and forensic evidence.

"That's if they find the body," said Our Linds shrewdly. She lives in Brookside Close, where they bury bodies under the patio.

"So what are you gonna do?" asked Mrs Finnegan. "Chop it into pieces? Chuck it into the Mersey? Burn it? You haven't got a clue what to do!" Wrapped in white towelling robes, they discussed the difficulty of dismantling a body. Mrs Finnegan was now in full flood. "Do you know the weight of a man's arm once you've chopped it off? Then there's the other arm. The leg. The

torso. The head. This is serious stuff, Lindsey! And then you'll need something to put the body in. How many bin bags do you think you'll need? They're not very strong are they?" "It's What I Want," said Our Linds, grinding a tooth or two.

I freely admit that I hadn't realised the importance of a good quality bin bag in a successful murder. If there is one thing you can proudly claim for soaps, it is their educational value. Few who saw Meg Mortimer teaching Amy Turler about decimalisation will forget the experience. Time and soaps roll on. Now it's how to calculate the weight of your husband's leg.

I was tremendously taken with opera critics, the wrecking crew in Critical Condition (Channel 4).



Danton's Death, Buchner's epic of the French Revolution, directed by Robert Wilson

## All good things come to an end

SALZBURG FESTIVAL  
**Michael Billington**

SHOULD festivals have themes? Too much packaging looks rigid; too little gives the impression of a glorious rag-bag. But at this year's Salzburg Festival, Gérard Mortier and his drama director, Ivan Nagel, have solved the problem brilliantly by exploring the idea of failed Utopias.

One of Mortier's many innovations since 1992 has been to import avant-garde directors: this year, for instance, Lepage, Sellars and Warhater. But, at first sight, the staging of Robert Wilson with Buchner's 1835 epic, Danton's Death, seems a little strange. The patriotic Texan uses light, sound and shadow to create works of formal drama. Buchner's ground-breaking masterpiece, set during the French Revolutionary Terror of 1794, deals with Danton's disillusion and the idea, developed by Marx, that the revolution is the victim of historical forces. Yet the pairing of Wilson and Buchner sheds extraordinary light on the play.

Wilson's crucial insight is that Danton and Robespierre are two sides of the same coin. Both are seduced by the failure of the revolutionary dream, both are aware of impending death, both are alert to the danger of chaos, but both are too much victims of destiny as it is played out.

Wilson reinforces the point by having Martin Wuttke to play Danton, not as the usual shaggy demagogue, but as a man tormented by memories. What is extraordi-

nary is his physical similarity to Sylvester Groth's Robespierre. Both are small, dark, faintly vampiric figures in russet silks.

Something of the play's rude vitality gets overlaid by Wilson's aestheticism, but he comes up with a series of spellbinding tableaux: Danton hovering sinisterly over his mistress, Marion; Danton's wife, Julie, seen taking poison against a horizontal strip of white light; the final deaths, with the protagonists disappearing inside a white cabinet. Wilson choreographs the play as much as directs it, but he offers a powerful image of the French Revolution as a nightmarish dance of death.

The idea of an initially idealistic Utopian movement ending in a bloodbath recurs in Hal Hartley's strange-musical play Soon. Hartley, best known as an independent filmmaker, chooses religion as the theme of his first stage piece, inspired by the events at Waco, Texas, in 1993 when 74 of David Koresh's followers and four FBI agents died.

Hartley does not moralise about the event. Instead, with the help of seven actors, he builds up a picture of the chasm of understanding between self-enclosed religious orders and the outside world. But while Hartley records their superstition and hypocrisy — "I'm taking on the responsibility of sex," declares their leader, "so the rest of you can be free" — he also shows how American society and the media resent their self-sufficiency. What emerges is a tragedy of incomprehension.

As an idea, it is powerful. But the movement is heavily stylised and every line is spoken into portable microphones. The effect is some-

what stultifying. Movies, I suspect, are his natural métier.

I got much more of a kick out of Peter Zadek's sumptuous production of The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny. For a start, there is a rich irony in hearing a Salzburg audience told: "Having no money is the greatest crime on earth." But Zadek and his designer, Richard Peduzzi, also get the crucial point that if you are going to attack the heedless consumerism of this mythical city, you have to convey all its ripe decadence. Here it is presented as a Hollywood Babylon full of pyramidal towers, carved elephants, commodified sex and licensed gluttony.

THE richness of Weill's score is also brought out under Dennis Russell Davies's baton, and there are beautifully sung performances from Jerry Hadley as the lumberjack Jimmy, executed for poverty, and from Catherine Malfitano as the heartless tart Jenny.

But even if Salzburg this year offers a cohesive portrait of failed Utopias, hope is not dead. I was much moved by Palestinian theatre director François Abou Salem's treatment of Mozart's Die Entführung, not as a period Turkish romp, but as a modern hostage drama in which the captor, Bassa Selim, at the end not only releases his prisoners but sheds his Westernised dress and rediscovers his Muslim identity. As the captives were liberated and he himself whirled away into the sand-strewn distance, you suddenly felt that Utopia was a possibility after all.

They slink about like mink in the dark. They have very sharp tongues, very long memories and are given to the bone with bitter internecine feuds. The endearingly rumpled Martin Hoyle (Time Out) guided us through this darling landscape and introduced us, when possible, to the other opera critics. It was like a badger watch.

Rodney Milnes (The Times) hid behind Doric columns but Tom Sutcliffe (Evening Standard) gave a polished interview. "I can't imagine Tom Sutcliffe passing up a chance to be in a film with a lot of hair-tossing," said Hoyle, ungratefully. Thereafter your horrified eye was irresistibly drawn to the tossing forelock. If there isn't an opera around, they do seem to practise on each other.

Hugh Canning (Sunday Times) and David Fingleton (Express) have not spoken since Canning called Fingleton an arsehole seven years

ago. Canning would not speak to the programme at all, allegedly because they were spending too much time with insignificant critics. (Thought to be a reference to Hoyle M. and Fingleton D.) Milnes, who melted fluidly into the night when spotted, explained that he liked to mull over a performance undistracted. It was, therefore, a joy to see him cornered in the interval by the extrovert Sutcliffe, who spoke vibrantly about the power of the production ("Balls out, as you might say"). Murmuring that he never discussed a performance in the interval, Milnes vanished with an anguished air. "Some people are sensitive souls," said Sutcliffe, astonished.

It was Milnes, gazing mildly over half-moon spectacles, who unexpectedly described critics as "rather like sex toys. They may add spice to what one hopes is an already pleasurable experience."

## Anatomical video tour of duo's innermost secrets

**Adrian Searle on the good, bad and brilliant art at the Edinburgh festival**

THE visual arts at the Edinburgh festival, which begins this week, often feel like little more than hang-over relief. Why, one asks every year, is the Royal Scottish Academy so boring? And why does the National Gallery of Scotland engage in so much window dressing and so little substance? Both institutions seem to sleepwalk through the festival without any idea of artistic relevance — as if they regard themselves as resting places for the heritage-trail audience the morning after the Tattoo before.

The Academy is holding a retrospective of the Scottish post-impressionist and colourist William Gillies. Gillies may have been a major figure in the pantheon of 20th century Scottish artists, but he was a minor painter by European standards, a local hero at best. The National Gallery's Effigies And Ecstasies: Roman Baroque Sculpture In The Age Of Bernini is just a disappointment. This is a historical footnote, drawn entirely from British collections, rather than the Baroque-busting extravaganzas we hoped for.

But elsewhere this year's festival exhibitions are rather better than usual. It is a truism that the distinctions between the visual arts and other media are breaking down, and that shift is reflected. In a major show at the Fruitmarket Gallery, Stephanie Smith and Edward Stewart art play out peculiar routines which you're well advised not to try at home. A few lines from Samuel Beckett's Company provide the leitmotif of "Hooded. Bared", a sequence of video installations in which the artists act out games of control and mutual trust. The artists torment one another with kisses and snarls, almost asphyxiate themselves with their heads buried in miked-up pillows, and show us what it would look like if we could see down their nostrils.

Three of the works here are videos recorded from inside the artists' mouths. In a small monitor, part, the camera in the mouth shows the tongue thrashing around, trying to speak, the oesophagus gagging and retching involuntarily on the camera, the mouth wallowing in saliva. In Vent and Inside Out, the mouth becomes an enormous dark cavern. You feel like a very small being, trapped in the darkest recesses of your own, or someone else's, head. This is horrible. Where can Smith/Stewart go with this. I ask myself? And what do they get up to on a quiet evening in? Smith/Stewart's latest work is theatre of a most extreme sort.

One makes an inevitable comparison with Mona Hatoum's endoscopic camera journey into her own orifices, Corpse Stranger, showing at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art. Where Smith/Stewart's work wins out, however, is in the directness of their approach. The formal complexities of Hatoum's work, whatever the subject matter, end up looking a bit fussy and overdetermined.

But let's not undervalue form. The real revelation of this year's festival is a small exhibition of works by the 74-year-old Czech artist Stanislav Kolibal at Edinburgh School of Art. Kolibal's work comes out of Constructivism, Cubism and Brancusi, and his subsequent development as an artist has paralleled minimalism, post-minimalism and *arte povera*. Kolibal has worked under extremely difficult conditions, even being banned for exhibiting publicly for 15 years in the aftermath of the Prague Spring. His delicate, battered works, constructions of white-painted board, lumber, plaster and thread, inhabit the space between the diagram and the object, between painting and sculpture. Kolibal is a great stylist, but his best work is intensely poetic. The act of making, in Kolibal's work, is a small act of resistance.

This exhibition, a partial retrospective of work since the 1960s, has been beautifully, casually installed by the artist in a couple of grubby white studio spaces. Completion and destruction co-exist at the same place and at the same moment in these works. How Easy It Is To Break Something (1972) is an off-white, scribbled-on board that hangs from the wall. On either side of a slender drawn rectangle are holes bored for the thumbs and fingers. A stick, the same shape and length as the drawn rectangle, jangles broken from the bottom of the work. It sounds like nothing much but it has a terrific poignancy and humour. It is a work caught between the intention and the act. It is a thing in itself, and a memory of a kind of performance.

John Coles



# God, is that the time?

Amanda Foreman

The Calendar: The 5,000-Year Struggle to Align the Clock and the Heavens—and What Happened to the Missing 10 Days  
by David Ewing Duncan  
Fourth Estate 360pp £12.99

**T**IME is money, and money equals power. These were truisms long before Marx and Engels identified the factory klaxon as an instrument of tyranny. The history of the calendar is more than just a mathematician's curiosity, it is a description of one of the most fundamental aspects of humanity: its quest for truth and order.

The Calendar by David Ewing Duncan is about the conflict between nature and science. It belongs to that fashionable genre of the pocket-knowledge book. Popu-

larised by Longitude, these books are cheap, short, and centred on slightly off-beat subjects. The genre is rapidly sinking to being the fast food of the knowledge industry. But at their best, they are like finely crafted miniatures, entrancing to behold and valued for their own worth.

The Calendar sparkles as one of the very best of its kind. Gripping, expansive and scholarly, it will be indispensable reading for years to come.

Stonehenge may have been built as a calendar, an observatory, or a Bronze Age assembly place, but whatever its purpose, it remains a symbol of the immutability of time. For 2,000 years the stones have aligned with the sun at solstice and at equinox. However, despite the tomfoolery of modern-day ersatz Druids, Stonehenge is not the answer to man's relationship to God, or

the gods, or the stars, nor is it the key to a higher, unexplained order of things. Likewise, the modern calendar is best understood as a description of time and nothing more. Immutability does not, in itself, provide meaning.

For that reason, the ancients all attached quite different meanings to the calendar. To the Egyptians it represented the mysteries of the gods. Only the priests and certain members of the aristocracy knew how to work its computations. So rigorously did the Egyptian élite guard their calendar that they refused to make any alterations even though they knew it was imperfect. To the Greeks, it represented the beauty of mathematics. To the Romans it represented the empire's dominion over the lives of its subjects. It ordered their days and determined the rhythm of their lives.

But it was not until 45BC, when Julius Caesar imposed the 365-day Julian calendar, that individuals were able to experience a sense of order and regularity independent of the moon, the seasons or the gods.

Unfortunately, the Julian calendar's carefully calibrated order only lasted one generation. Augustus not only changed the name of the months, but also added an extra day to August, thereby robbing February of a day. There was also the added complication that the calendar was 11 minutes slower than the true solar year. By 1250, when the heretic Roger Bacon made his calculations, the Julian calendar had picked up an extra nine days. By then, time had become a battleground between science and religion, and for 300 years the Church ruthlessly hounded out the truth-seekers in the belief that any change to the calendar would weaken its claim to infallibility.

It was not until the rise of humanism that a more enlightened Pope,

Gregory XIII, determined that the now 10-day drift had to be corrected, but many held fast to the Julian calendar for another 118 years. Britain did not follow suit until 1752. One by one, non-Catholic countries have accepted the Gregorian calendar as their own. Japan took it up in 1873, Russia in 1917, and finally China in 1949. There is now just one standard of time. Atomic Time, based on the oscillations of atomic caesium, and one calendar based on the solar year. Yet, strictly speaking, it is still not a true measurement of the year. Ironically, civilisation's ability to measure time has become too accurate to measure the tiny random fluctuations within the Earth's rotations. The 5,000-year struggle to invent the perfect clock has created too perfect a timepiece for nature. Truth and order remain madly elusive.

If you would like to order this book at the special price of £10 contact CultureShop (see page 29)

## A little bit of nicey nicey

Natasha Walter

An Illustrated Anthology of Erotica  
edited by Charlotte Hill  
and William Wallace  
Little, Brown 3 vols £25

**T**OWARDS the end of the second volume of this three-volume anthology of erotica you find a troubling review of an erotic book. Restif de la Bretonne, an 18th-century writer, is lying in bed reading a juicy volume that a friend has lent him. "After a score of pages, I was on fire," he tells us. One after another, women who visit him bear the brunt of his desire. He rapes his laundry girl ("She did not put up much resistance"), a friend of his sister's with "so much fury... she thought I had gone mad," his landlady, and then two more visitors, Seraphine and Agathe. "Such is the effect of erotic literature," Bretonne tells us smugly.

Does Bretonne have a point? The purpose of erotica that is written as erotica — as opposed to books that contain passages of sex — must be purely to inflame desire. And since erotica glosses over the problems of sex — in erotica there can be no resistance, no aftermath, no gap between desire and action — maybe it can be blamed for causing a crazy irresponsibility. But one nice thing about this anthology is that only a small proportion of these texts and pictures even touch on violence. Most of them belong in a charmed world where sex is always mutually orgasmic. The women who take part in the sex games of John Cleland or Anaïs Nin — always found in this sort of anthology — are almost always "wild with excitement and delight", greeting sex with "the warmest confluence", and "cross-currents of increasing pleasure".

In a way the very idea of erotica, as a genre, feels outdated. Now that writers can use once-forbidden words without any fear of prosecution, collections like these look a bit like collections of pressed flowers. The erotic staples — the excitable virgins and eager aristocrats — are part of another era, and the language is often hilariously dated: "Oh Jim, you shall stroke me now! You shall violate me again. Won't it be nicey nicey?" runs one risible passage here. And yet once you begin to turn the pages some of the flowers unfold again. For erotica to work, the characters and situations

must be purely sexual but they must not be merely generic. It's easy to mock writers like Anaïs Nin, John Cleland, Frank Harris, Pauline Réage, because they all "serve" a common goal — the communication of longing, the touch of flesh on flesh. But the best of them remember to create their own dreams. In their own individual and sometimes hypnotic language, thickened with their own obsessions.

Although the very word erotica smacks of stockings and corsets and maids, it seems to be as fashionable as ever. Shelves of erotic imprints line the bookstores, and the circulation of the Erotic Review has risen from 4,000 to 25,000 in the past six months.

These editors have worked hard to try to make sure that there are few thorns in this rose garden. "The Marquis de Sade and other lesser prophets of cruelty and violence have been left to sweat in their own nightmares," they tell us stoutly at the outset. But despite their progressive inclinations, they admit that they had a hard time collecting women's fantasies. "This is unavoidable," they say. But there are now dozens of women writers at work who revel in the patterns of erotica, from the work of a feminist novelist such as Maureen Freely, to a researcher such as Nancy Friday, or even the erstwhile games of Madonna-in-Sex: The relative absence of women's voices gives this book the lop-sided, limping feel of almost all erotic anthologies.

Erotic pictures are placed next to erotic texts, a neat idea that bulks out the necessarily repetitive nature of the genre. To find a sensual 11th-century Indian stone relief next to an extract from the Kama Sutra, or a louche 18th-century watercolour next to a passage from Fanny Hill, emphasises the sensual impact of the words, and the warmth and weight of the flesh that is its subject.

These books range through such an infinite field of artistic merit — from D.H. Lawrence or William Blake, to anonymous Victorian magazine fodder; or from Picasso and Rodin to 19th-century postcards — that you can feel dizzy and overloaded. This is mood music, and depending on your state of mind when you open these books, you'll find them wicked, cute, inflammatory or tame. Bretonne tried to blame his book, but we know where the blame really lies.



Radclyffe Hall: a man 'cursed with a woman's body'

## Inverted dogmas

Stephanie Merritt

The Trials of Radclyffe Hall  
by Diana Souhami  
Weidenfeld & Nicolson 358pp £20

**S**HE kissed her full on the lips like a lover. This is the most sexually provocative single sentence in The Well of Loneliness, Radclyffe Hall's bestselling and notorious "lesbian" novel. However, the book's publication in 1928 resulted in a trial which not only involved some of the most eminent political and literary figures in England but also accorded the novel a place in the century's literary history that it hardly merited.

The events of the trial, in which the Home Office successfully sought to ban the novel under the Obscene Publications Act, form the core of Diana Souhami's witty and fascinating new biography. A week before her book went to press,

Souhami was granted access to previously unreleased government papers, thus confirming her theory of a misogynistic conspiracy perpetrated by a male oligarchy: the Home Secretary, Lord Chancellor, Chief Magistrate and Director of Public Prosecutions were all, apparently, in clandestine correspondence about the case. Gross male prejudice and moral bigotry were unquestionably at work, but what is ironic, as Souhami shows, is that Radclyffe Hall should have become such an anti-establishment figure for later generations of lesbians.

For the majority of her supporters, the trial raised the matter of literary censorship more than gay rights — a concept yet to be invented — and, in almost every other aspect of her life, Hall was as reactionary as most Edwardian men of her class. (She went on to become a fervent supporter of Mussolini.)

Born in 1880 to a "violent and

brainless" mother and philandering father, who separated shortly after her birth, Marguerite Radclyffe Hall suffered an isolated and miserable childhood. Constantly uprooted, physically bullied by her mother and sexually molested by her "gustling old step-father", she quickly acquired a revulsion towards men.

When she was 18, her errand father died, leaving her an inheritance of £100,000, an exceptional amount of money at that time. With the unexpected independence this gave her, Radclyffe Hall began to travel and to engage in various lesbian affairs.

In 1906, she met the first great love of her life, Mabel Batten, a former lover of the Prince of Wales. Mabel was 50 and married with a daughter, but she immediately took up residence with Radclyffe Hall, who now called herself "John". In 1915, Mabel was usurped in "John's" affection by her own cousin, Una (later to become Lady Troubridge). Una was to remain Radclyffe Hall's devoted acolyte and self-styled "wife" until the latter's death from cancer in 1943.

The Well of Loneliness was born, as Radclyffe Hall said, of a desire to "put my pen at the service of some of the most misunderstood people in the world". She never used the word "lesbian", describing herself instead as a "congenital invert"; she felt herself to be a man cursed with a woman's body.

Souhami is understandably indignant about the virulent prejudice surrounding the trial, in which, she argues, the male ruling class dressed up its suppression of female sexuality in the guise of Christian dogma, and in the chapters relating to it, her otherwise measured prose is spiced with glimpses of righteous anger. Yet this is not a eulogistic biography by any means. It portrays with affectionate candour Radclyffe's own bigotry, her sexual tyranny, selfishness and double standards: she regularly had her pets whipped or put down when they displeased her, and never lets us forget that behind all the posturing lurked an unhappy girl desperate for a mother's affection.

It will probably not inspire you to rush out and buy The Well of Loneliness, but Souhami's immaculate documentation, her stock of colourful anecdotes and her fluent style make this a far more entertaining account of an invert's trials than anything achieved in the novels of Radclyffe Hall.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY  
August 23 1998



André Brink... master of the Afrikaner novel

## A visit to the subconscious

South Africa's future is a hybrid one. André Brink talks about his latest novel to John Higgins

**T**HERE he stopped, and turned his back to the precipice, and... The audience gasped in horror as André Brink completed the sentence from his new novel, Devil's Valley. Gentle horror: Brink's narrative had captivated everyone, no mean feat for a reading to a "hard-hat" audience of sceptical academics at the University of Cape Town, where Brink has been professor of literature since 1991.

In his early 60s, still craggy and athletic and attractive, Brink — the author of 15 novels in both Afrikaans and English — is all modesty, charm and intellectual energy. Devil's Valley marks a shift from the predominantly realist mode of his earlier work.

This new phase brings together the sceptical questioning of history associated with postmodernism and a touch of magic realism. Yet Devil's Valley is just as firmly located in a real and landscape that remain

ently imagined — as anything in his work to date.

The seeds of the novel were planted in a journey through the Swartberg Pass in the Little Karoo, an area of semi-arid desert. A mere four or five hours from the lush vineyards of Cape Town, it seems at times as strange and distant as another planet. The pass is startling and sublime, resembling nothing so much as Viking 2's photos of Mars. Brink's response to this environment was immediate: "Ever since I visited the Gamgas Kloof [in the Swartberg mountains], known as The Hell, I just knew there was a novel I had to write. I had the idea of someone coming in, I wasn't quite sure in the beginning who he would be. In fact, it was only after I started writing that he turned out to be a journalist rather than the academic or historian I had first imagined."

Finding the right tone for the narrator — a seedy journalist who leaves the usual routine of his crime reporting in the Western Cape to take back the ashes of a young man he had befriended to the isolated community of Devil's Valley — was Brink's first problem. "Initially, the book's style was much more literary, but there was something that didn't work about it. I must have

adding to the curses of the narrator, and trying to capture on paper the speech of some of the crime reporters I had known. They have a very limited vocabulary; there's such a repetitive recourse to the F-word. I wanted to convey something of that without becoming monotonous."

The struggle against his own natural literariness was a useful one. "I am aware of the fact that very often when I write I tend towards a kind of..." — he pauses, awkwardly — "of fondling of adjectives. Being kept down to earth by the narrator was a salutary experience. Perhaps I've cleaned up my prose a little."

This sense of imposition is perhaps the key to Brink's creative drive, since good writing, for him, comes precisely from this tension between controlled and unconscious expression. "I want to have the illusion that I know where I'm going when I embark on a book," he says. "I draw up a plan — very roughly — and it gives me a kind of reassurance, but I never stick to it. It gets broken down. I know beforehand that it won't be followed, but I need the feeling of safety that it gives me: at least I have something to fall back on."

It is this process which makes

## Midwife and undertaker to the imagination

Jan Sansom

Rogers' Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases  
edited by Betty Kirkpatrick  
Penguin Books 1,381pp £14.99

**T**HE pages of Rogers' Thesaurus, with their distinctive two-column layout, are like great masters, or slices of rare meat beef — thick, raw and juicy — and as likely as not to produce in the reader a kind of linguistic mad cow disease.

Herded by its publishers, in what comes close to a parody of the Thesaurus style, as "incomprehensibly inspirational and creative", the new edition of Doctor Rogers' book of wordlists remains both a great temptation and a terrible danger to the

aspirant writers and students who are liable to dig in and pig out on the contents with scant regard for the often disastrous long-term consequences: the tell-tale swelling of the sentence structures, the flatulence, the indigestion, and eventual death from gorging on word-fat and too much stuffing. Rogers' Thesaurus slaps the imagination to make the lungs start working, and then feeds it up on a rich diet of oysters and blue cheese until the heart gives out. It is both midwife and undertaker to the English imagination.

The new edition serves up the modern crustacea of language alongside classic and more familiar dishes. Thus, we get totty with honey, air-linseing with salutation, Le Shuttle with the Orient Express, and Tamagotchi with goldfish, hamsters, guinea pigs and gerbils.

Even though Rogers is often misused and abused by those desperately in search of a style, the book remains one of the English language's greatest achievements. Every language has a dictionary, but not every one needs a thesaurus. Where a dictionary offers definitions, the thesaurus suggests associations; while the dictionary works from word to thing, the thesaurus works in reverse; while a dictionary is a book of bare reason, the thesaurus is a work of conjecture and imagination; dictionaries seize words, and make them static, the thesaurus frees them and makes them mobile; dictionaries are for grammarians, the

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myself up to my own subconscious," he says. "That's why I write: to feel in touch with the whole of your self. All kinds of unexpected things keep surfacing all the time. You remember things you never knew you knew." Writing is a dialogue with the self, and with the forces that shape the self, from the closest and most intimate relationships to the deepest social and cultural ones.

Brink's own attitudes towards national and ethnic identity are powered by a mixture of the existentialism which formed him as a student in Paris in the late fifties and early sixties and the post-colonial realities of contemporary South Africa. In his early work he sought to persuade Afrikaners that their dissidence might best be expressed through a "total identification with the African context". At the same time, his writing was always powerful and forceful for European literature and ideas. Brink has translated many novels into Afrikaans, including his favourite ("I try to re-read it every year"), Don Quixote. This master of the Afrikaner novel was, as he famously put it in an early essay, born on a bench in the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris, in the early spring of the 1960s.

"When I go to the South of France," says Brink, "a part of me thinks, 'I'm home now.' But then, when I fly back over the vast continent of Africa, when I get off the plane and feel the heat and see the clouds of flies, there's something wonderfully homish about that for me. It's incredibly rich to experience these two feelings not as some kind of schizophrenia, which perhaps is a little bit of a stretch, but other, and that in the end, you don't want to deny either one of them as a part of yourself."

Culturally exclusive notions of "pure African" identity hold no appeal for him. "I think they're regrettable," he sighs. "One can understand that, at a certain phase of a society's development, or even an individual's private philosophical development, it can be useful and necessary. Black consciousness was important in its time, but I think it would be catastrophic now. In the end, I think hybridity better describes what we are... You can't go back to a pre-colonial innocence, which in any case probably never existed."

The Novel (£12.99), a collection of essays by André Brink, is published by Macmillan (Devil's Valley (Secker £15.99) is available for £13 from CultureShop (see below))

brilliant of all, the thesaurus contains no history, suggests no tradition, and makes no attempt to clarify, justify or explain its inclusions. It is pure poetry.

For all his book's apparent eccentricities, Doctor Peter Mark Rogers clearly knew what he was doing when he first published the thesaurus in 1852. Compiled from a lifetime's notebooks, Rogers' Thesaurus was, and remains, a generous work of single authorship.

A thesaurus, according to itself, is like many things — wordlist, dictionary, reference book, collection, treasury — but it remains unique. It represents mankind's constant search for the right words — the story of our lives. It is also a useful reminder that life can be messy, inconvenient, and does not always come in alphabetical order.

## Crime

Lucretia Stewart

Night Passage, by Robert B Parker (John Murray, £16.99)

**R**OBERT B PARKER'S Spenser novels have been sliding downhill for some years, so this terrific non-Spenser book is particularly welcome. Jesse Stone is a broken-down cop who, having been kicked out of the Los Angeles Police Department for drinking, takes a job as police chief in the small Massachusetts town of Paradise. But there's trouble in Paradise and not a small part of it stems from the fact that Stone is not quite the drunken pushover that his new employers expected him to be.

Eye of the Cricket, by James Sallis (No Exit Press, £12)

**S**ALLIS is a strange writer, drawn-out, laid-back, reminiscent of Walter Mosley but more poetic. His New Orleans is a violent, steamy, smouldering place, waiting to erupt; his hero, Lew Griffin, is a private investigator cum writer cum university lecturer who mirrors the city. This is a story about children and the pain they bring you: Lew's lost son, David; Alouette, the missing daughter of Lew's great love, LaVerne; and Danny, loser son of Don, the cop. Sallis walks a narrow line between poetry and pretension. Most of the time he carries it off.

The Bone Yard, by Paul Johnston (Hodder & Stoughton, £16.99)

**I**MPRESSIVE follow-up to the award-winning Body Politic. The setting is still 21st century Edinburgh, a repressive, supposedly crime-free, independent city state that makes George Orwell's 1984 dystopia look cosy. But subversive private investigator Quintin Dalrymple has a killer with a taste for the (now banned) blues on his hands. Johnston's conceit with Edinburgh is brilliant and there's a mordant Scots wit to the whole venture, but beneath these very stylish trappings it's the same old serial killer stuff. Crime (in fiction at least), even in the grim future, is much the same as it is now.

Death of a Good Woman, by Max Marquis (Macmillan, £16.99)

**T**HE plot of this mystery is far more like an old car on a steep slope than a thriller. A woman, which labours like an old car on a steep slope, is murdered. No one is nearly as much sex as the prostitutes) to find out whodunnit. I wonder what place graphic descriptions of Timberlake's sex life have in a detective story, but I guess Marquis thought he had better move with the times.

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John Murray



# Flocking to the rescue



ILLUSTRATION: ANN HODGSON

Mark Cockle

**N**ORTH Ronaldsay is the most northerly of Scotland's Orkney archipelago. Just five kilometres in length and nowhere more than 50 metres above sea level, it's a place lacking in distinctive landmarks. The only strong vertical lines are man-made — those of a 40-metre-tall lighthouse (built by Robert Louis Stevenson's grandfather in the 19th century) and the nearby ruin of its 18th century predecessor.

But if North Ronaldsay has few prominent features it certainly doesn't lack a distinctive atmosphere. Much of this character lies in a sequence of powerful horizontal lines, which begin even below the low-water mark. Beyond the dissolving surf of the incoming tide — the Atlantic Ocean on the west coast and North Sea on the east — one can make out dark submerged belts amongst the water's Mediterranean blue. These are beds of kelp, which probably comprise the tallest vegetation on this treeless island.

Further up the shoreline one encounters a wall elaborately constructed of long slabs of coastal stone, richly mottled with yellow, grey and green lichens, and in some places more than 2m in height. This is known as the sheep "dike" but

from the air could one truly appreciate its scale. It runs for 20km, entirely encircling the island's beaches — probably the largest single artefact in Orkney. Nobody knows when the millions of blocks of stone were first assembled, but they certainly date back hundreds of years.

The most extraordinary aspect of the dike is that it serves not to keep the animals in, but to keep them out. The North Ronaldsay sheep spend their lives on the shoreline where they feed on the heaps of kelp, known as "tangles", constantly thrown up by the tide.

They are an ancient breed, relics of the first animals domesticated in Britain, with short tails, low shoulders and high haunches, handsome curly horns, a range of fleece colours from black, rich dark brown, through to grey and the softest cream. Their exceptional diet has resulted in a dark mutton with an unusual flavour that now features on the menus of some fashionable restaurants. But in their heyday the sheep were a staple for the islanders themselves and a mainstay of their economy.

The fact that the herds live on an otherwise useless part of the island meant that the interior could be used for crops of oats or for grazing more profitable livestock such as

beef cattle. Patterning up on the mountains of tangles tossed ashore by winter storms, the sheep had an added benefit for the islanders of reaching peak condition around Christmas, when other protein sources were in short supply.

Although they run together, each beast is identifiable by cut marks on its ears and each household has its own individual design. At certain times of the year they are caught for marking and shearing in a collective effort known as "pundin". Catching these wary, nimble beasts was always difficult on the treacherous, weed-strewn rocks, but nowadays the *pund* is a major challenge because of the island's dwindling manpower.

Thirty years ago there were 160 residents on North Ronaldsay. Today there are fewer than 80 and this demographic decline will eventually bring in to question the whole future of sheep husbandry on the island. But as yet the 2,000-strong herd represents one of the last vestiges of communal agriculture in Britain, while the sheep themselves are one of the oldest breeds in Europe. And for now the multi-coloured herds roaming the fore-shore are as inseparable from the island's identity as the moan of Orkney's eternal wind or the crash of Atlantic surf.

## Chess Leonard Barden

**T**HE Smith & Williamson British Championship at Torquay this month stimulated fighting chess as Short and Sadler justified their super-GM status, internationals scrambled for a share of S&W's £23,000 prize money, while ambitious teenagers eyed the top levels of UK chess. Nearly 1,000 competed in the full British Chess Federation congress, which included over-80 and many junior title contests.

Short, taking part in the British championship for the first time since 1987, is at his best in flowing positional games. His opening round opponent's strategy assisted the GM as 10 Bxf6 and 16 Bxc4 conceded Short two ranging bishops.

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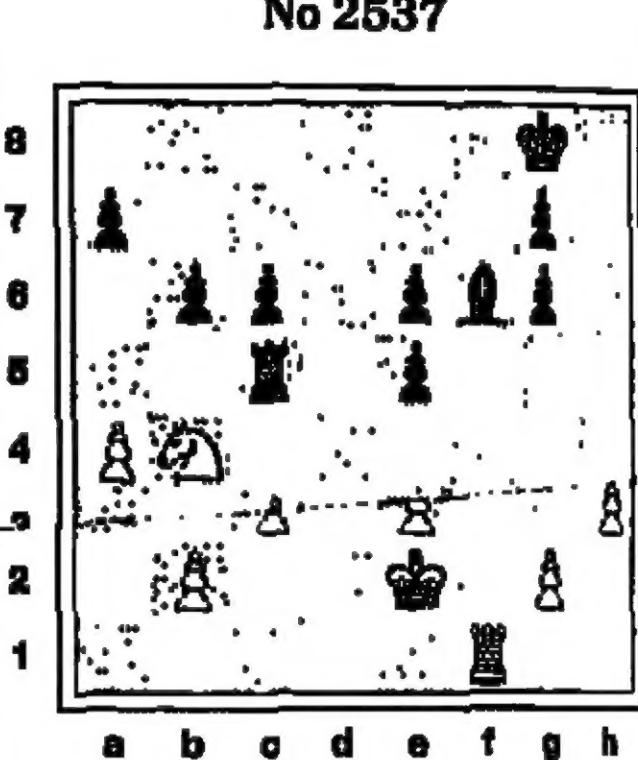
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17 gxf3 Bxc4 18 Qxc4+ Kh8 19 Rde1 Nd5 20 Nd1 b5 21 Qe2 c61 22 Qxb5 Rfc8 23 Rb1 Rb8 24 Qa5 cxd41 25 Qxd5 Qc7 26 a3 Qc2+ 27 Ka1? Rxc3! 28 Ka2 Rxb3! 29 Resigns. If 29 Qxd4 Rxa3+!

No 2537



a b c d e f g h

David Bronstein (Soviet Union) vs Svetlana Tartakover (France). Subsequent interzonal 1948. Bronstein survived this final round, won the tournament and went on to challenge for the world title. At the start of the game he was level on points with Laszlo Szabo, and reached the diagram where White's achievements offset Black's extra pawn.

Suddenly a Baltic States refugee approached the board and began to pummel Bronstein, shouting that the KGB had deported and murdered his family and that he wanted to kill all Russians. Play was suspended, but when they resumed Szabo, who had worked in a labour camp during the German occupation of Hungary, made several blunders in his own game while Bronstein found a winning coup.

The irony was that Bronstein's own father had also been exiled by Stalin's government, while Tartakover's family had died in a pogrom. What did White play, and why was Bronstein's move so strong?

No 2536: 1 N5g3 (threat 2 Qd4) Bc2 Qe5, or c4 2 bxc4, or Bb2: Rd2. Traps are 1 Nd4? Rxb5 or 1 Ng3 Bb7 or 1 Nxb5? c4 or 1 Rc4? xtd3.

## England find winning can work wonders

David Hopps at Lord's

**E**NGLAND performed last Sunday like a team liberated. Freed from the tension of their victorious Test series against South Africa and freed, no less, from a long-held reputation as losers, they made such unruffled work of Sri Lanka that it was possible to imagine them as World Cup winners.

A premature judgment, undoubtedly — with the World Cup in Britain only nine months away, England's one-day performances remain inconsistent both in terms of results and personnel — but their 36-run defeat of the defending champions in the Emirates' triangular tournament showed an upbeat mood which is worthy of preservation.

The South Africa series, compelling as it became, was one of unrelenting and exhausting tension. Last Sunday was a time for festa. The sun shone down upon a capacity Lord's crowd and England related the chance to play attacking cricket.

Such a relaxed mood was ideal for Graeme Hick, who temporarily subdued his apprehension at an England career once again on the ice. Hick had not made a one-day international 50 in his last 11 innings, and his presence in Australia this winter has been in doubt. But here he was utterly convincing, 50.86 from 97 balls providing the backbone of England's 247.

Alec Stewart, rousing acclamation for leading England to Test success, cracked a vigorous half-century before being bowled. However, Hick impressively pushed on, 50.86 from 97 balls providing the backbone of England's 247.

A target of 248 did not sound out of Sri Lanka's range, but Peter Martin and Darren Gough swung and seemed the new ball more than the visitors might have expected. Sri Lanka had lost three wickets for 28 by the fifth over, and not because of any pinch-hitting excess — each batsman in turn pushing de-

## Golf US PGA Championship



Off to a tee... Singh watches his drive take him a step closer to victory

PHOTOGRAPH: JEFF HAYNES

## Singh on song for first major

Mike Selvey in Seattle

**V**IJAY SINGH, joint leader with Steve Stricker by four strokes after the third round, held off a challenge from the American and 1995 champion Steve Elkington to win the US PGA Championship in a nerve-jangling finish at Sahalee Country Club.

Going to the final hole, the most difficult on the course, two strokes ahead of Stricker, Singh drove majestically to the middle of the fairway, then to the middle of the green and two putts were enough to give the Fijian a 68 and a nine-under total of 271 for his first major title.

The early standard had been set by Nick Price, one over at the start, who picked up a shot at the 2nd, had birdies at the 9th and 10th and an eagle at the 11th before paring his way in for a 65 — equalling Greg Knafl's course record — and a total of 276. His four-under mark was

also achieved by Mark O'Meara and Frank Lickliter, who both shot 68s.

O'Meara had moved to within two shots of the lead with a 50-foot putt for an eagle at the long 2nd and a birdie at the par-three 5th, before falling back with dropped shots at the next three holes, so ending his dream.

Tiger Woods also played himself out of contention by dropping two shots on the front nine, and Davis Love III, attempting to become the first player in 61 years to win the title back-to-back, foundered in the water by the 5th green.

If the US PGA Championship has a history of producing first-time winners of major titles — 12 of the last 13, in fact, a sequence broken only by Price in 1994 — then Stricker and Singh would have begun their final rounds last Sunday as firm favourites to lift the Wanamaker Trophy.

Singh has long been regarded as

a potential winner, and so had Stricker two years ago when he finished fourth in the money-list. However, he plummeted 126 places the following year. Here, Stricker was a form horse, having come into the championship on the back of four top-10 finishes in his last five events.

Despite Elkington's challenge, the contest over the back nine effectively came down to ding-dong matchplay between Stricker and Singh in which the Fijian had the final say.

● Sherri Steinhilber took 81 shots in the opening round of the Women's British Open at Lytham St Annes and for three days had a totally anonymous tournament. Last Sunday, though, she made up for that with a 12-shot improvement on her first effort, and her three-under-par 69, for a four-over-par total of 202, made her one of the tournaments more surprising winners.

## Rugby Union It's looking all black for All Blacks

Andy Colquhoun in Durban

**N**EW ZEALAND's rugby gloom deepened last Saturday when they surrendered an 18-point lead to lose 24-23 to South Africa in the Tri-Nations Championship, their fourth defeat in succession and their worst run since they lost six consecutive Tests in 1949.

The All Blacks fully deserved their 23-5 lead going into the final quarter and there seemed little chance of a last-ditch Springbok side escaping their fate.

But a typical darting break and try by the scrum-half Joost van der Westhuizen in the 68th minute, and a further try by the replacement flanker Bobby Skidnas four minutes later, closed the gap to four points as the previously ruthless All Black defence went to sleep.

With the match in stoppage time, the Springboks opted to kick a penalty to the corner and from the resulting line-out the hooker James Dalton was carried over by his pack for the winning try.

The New Zealand coach John Hart remained upbeat in defeat. "My faith in the All Blacks has never wavered. I'm proud to be associated with them," he said. "Our performance tonight proved we are a great side. We went out to attack the Springbok scrum, and I thought we out-scrummed them consistently. "When our No 8 Isitolo Mako was taken out of the game it was a huge blow to us. We lost a lot of presence. We are hugely disappointed, but we have made a lot of progress from a few weeks ago."

Gary Teichmann, the Springbok captain, said: "It was a pretty big effort from us to win. It was sparked off by Joost's try. We needed someone to take the initiative. We played superb rugby in the last 15 minutes and it showed the character of the side."

The wing Stefan Terblanche had barged through the tackle of the full-back Christian Cullen for his seventh try in eight internationals to put South Africa 5-0 ahead in the third minute.

However, a 40-metre break by Jonah Lomu set up the first All Black try for the scrum-half Justin Marshall before Mako powered through weak tackling to leave the way clear for captain Taine Randle's ninth Test try.

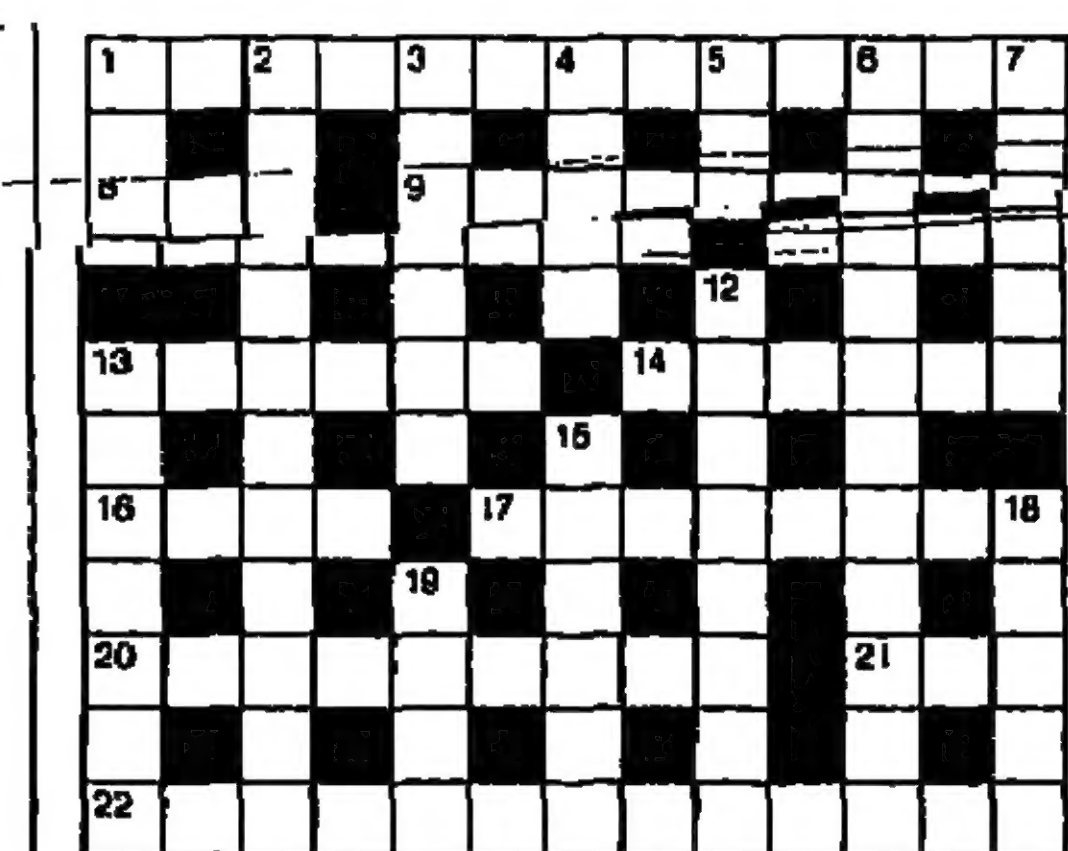
Andrew Mehrtens converted the two tries and also kicked three penalties on either side of half-time against a Springbok side diminished by indecision and mistakes. Yet South Africa finally came good for their 13th successive victory, whereas New Zealand will try to overcome their barren patch against Australia in two weeks' time.

South Africa lead the Tri-Nations table by three points from Australia, who can still claim the title if they win the final match of the series against the Springboks in Johannesburg on Saturday.

## Quick crossword no. 432

Across

- 1 Valeudunarian
- 8 Move fast (3)
- 11 LSD (4)
- 13 Cows etc (6)
- 14 (Cause of) intense fear (6)
- 16 Means of transport (4)
- 17 Asian island country (3,5)
- 20 About right for paddling in? (5,4)
- 21 Bath (3)
- 22 One with similar tastes and views (7,6)



Down

- 1 Mountain in the Bible (5)
- 2 Terrified (5-8)
- 3 France or dance — (easy one) (8)
- 4 Woodwind player (6)
- 5 Uninteresting (4)

6 Brainwashing teacher (13)

7 Type of cheese (7)

12 Sweet on a stick (8)

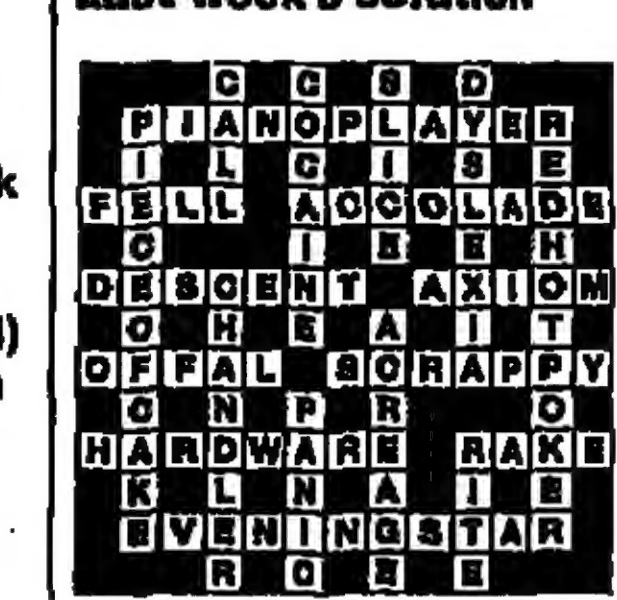
13 Empty saloons are left here (3,4)

15 Close associate (6)

16 Head of monastery (5)

19 Close (4)

Last week's solution



## Bridge Zia Mahmood

**H**AVE you ever wanted to go nine down vulnerable in a tricky bid game? To put this another way, you would have to be a very good player. In a contract which he hoped would be defeated by nine tricks? This extraordinary feat befell Bobby Levin in the recent Spingold tournament, one of the most prestigious in the United States.

His team, captained by Richie Schwarz, started the final 16 boards of the Spingold semi-final with a healthy lead over the team captained by Grant Baze and containing four crack Polish professional players. When this deal arrived on the table, though, the Baze team had wiped out a substantial chunk of their arrears. Game all, dealer South: (see next column).

In the Open Room, North-South were Marcin Lesniowski and Marek Symonowski for the Baze team. East-West for Schwarz were Mark Lahr and Ron Smith. The bidding was fast and furious.

It was an auction where nobody was sure who could make what, and Mark Lahr as West followed standard practice when he bid six

South West North East

Winestein Cezary Levin Adam

South's three diamonds was a normal pre-empt, and North's three spades was an out-and-out bluff bid.

East could not double, since this would be for takeout on his methods.

When South raised to four spades, Adam Zmudzinski as East knew what was happening, but decided to take a lot of hundreds against four spades as opposed to an uncertain penalty against five diamonds.

When Levin saw the dummy, he had cause to hope. If he could go nine down in four, spades would be his, he would concede 800 — but his team mates might bring back 1430 from six spades bid and made at the other table. Unfortunately for him, the cards did not lie in his favourably enough! He came to the same two tricks as the defender, but taken in the other room, and the 800 that he lost went with team mates' result of minus 200 to the dealer's advantage.

South's result of minus 200 to the dealer's advantage.

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## Sports Diary Shiv Sharma

### Captain Cork bobs up to clinch a thriller

**I**N ONE of the closest finishes of recent times, Derbyshire reached the final of the NatWest Trophy by denying Leicestershire three runs off the last ball of the match at Grace Road. Chris Lewis's side seemed on course to reach their second final of the season when, chasing an imposing target of 299 for victory, they eased to 243-3. But the fall of three quick wickets broke their momentum and they folded on 295-6.

Earlier, the Derbyshire captain and man of the match, Dominic Cork, blasted an unbeaten 61 from 63 balls to lift his side to 298-7. Derbyshire's opponents at Lord's on September 5 will be Lancashire, who triumphed over Hampshire by 43 runs at Southampton; a stand of 116 between John Crawley and Neil Fairbrother providing the backbone of the visitors' 252 total.

Hampshire got off to a disastrous start, losing their top five batsmen for just 28 in 17 overs. Although Dimitri Mascarenhas repaired some of the damage with a gutsy 73, his captain was not smiling.

efforts were ultimately in vain. It is the tenth time Lancashire have reached the final of the competition.

**A**MBITIOUS plans by Rugby Union chiefs to launch a British League consisting of 38 clubs have been put on hold, at least for this season, because of time constraints and a failure by the various groups involved to thrash out an agreement. It had been hoped that English and Welsh clubs, together with Edinburgh and Glasgow from Scotland, would take part in the project.

But Brian Balster, chairman of the Rugby Football Union management board, said: "We share the frustration of the clubs, unions, players and supporters that a cross-border competition cannot start this season. Talks will continue to consider the tournament next season."

**A** GOAL from Ryan Giggs in the first half and another by Andy Cole nine minutes from time enabled Manchester United to beat a well-organised LKS Lodz of Poland 2-0 at Old Trafford in the first leg of the second qualifying round of this season's European Cup. The victory, barring a disaster in the return match in Poland later this month, should be enough to assure Alex Ferguson's team of a place in the Champions League this season.

United appear to have done enough to complete the chore of having to qualify this time, which was their penance for finishing runners-up to Arsenal in the Premier League last season. In Scotland, Celtic defeated Croatia Zagreb